the weekly Standard

AUGUST 14, 2006 $3.95

ARAB 'PROTOCOLS'
NINA SHEA & JEANNE HOFFMAN

# ¡HOLA, DELAWARE!

CHRISTOPHER CALDWELL on the Guatemalan immigrants who changed a small American town

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the weekly Standard

The Weekly Standard (ISSN 1083-3013), a division of News America Incorporated, is published weekly (except the first week in January, third week in April, second week in July, and fourth week in August) at 1150 17th St., NW, Suite 505, Washington D.C. 20036. Periodicals postage paid at Washington, DC, and additional mailing offices. Postmaster: Send address changes to The Weekly Standard, P.O. Box 96127, Washington, DC 20077-7767. For subscription customer service in the United States, call 1-800-274-7293. For new subscription orders, please call 1-800-283-2014. Subscribers: Please send new subscription orders to The Weekly Standard, P.O. Box 96153, Washington, DC 20090-6153; changes of address to The Weekly Standard, P.O. Box 96127, Washington, DC 20077-7767. Please include your latest magazine mailing label. Allow 3 to 5 weeks for arrival of first copy and address changes. Canadian/foreign orders require additional postage and must be paid in full prior to commencement of service. Canadian/foreign subscribers may call 1-902-563-4723 for subscription inquiries. Visa/MasterCard payment accepted. Cover price, $3.95. Back issues, $3.95 (includes postage and handling). Send letters to the editor to The Weekly Standard, 1150 17th Street, N.W., Suite 505, Washington, DC 20036-4617. For a copy of The Weekly Standard Privacy Policy, visit www.weeklystandard.com or write to Customer Service, The Weekly Standard, 1150 17th St., NW, Suite 505, Washington, D.C. 20036. Copyright 2006, News America Incorporated. All rights reserved. No material in The Weekly Standard may be reprinted without permission of the copyright owner. The Weekly Standard is a registered trademark of News America Incorporated.

BPA INTERNATIONAL



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# The New Face of the Liberal Nutroots

The left-wing campaign to knock off Joe Lieberman in Connecticut's August 8 Democratic primary has established a couple of new political benchmarks worth noting.

Exclusive, WASP-heavy country clubs, like the one Lieberman's opponent Ned Lamont belonged to in Greenwich, Conn., are okay again, as far as the Lamont-adoring liberal blogosphere is concerned. Of course, they were always okay with those of us on the freedom-loving, live-and-let-live right. But liberals have tended to be more censorious. (Here, for example, is the *New York Times* editorial page in May 1993, after Webb Hubbell was hounded into leaving the Country Club of Little Rock: "It's time to warn ambitious people thinking of joining exclusionary clubs: no inside agitation will redeem the hateful public symbolism of such memberships.")

Lamont himself was apparently unaware of the new dispensation and only belatedly dropped his membership in Round Hill Country Club, explaining to the *Times* in mid-July that the club is "not as diverse as it should be. I didn't pay as much attention to that before the [Senate] race began, to tell you the truth."

The Lieberman campaign correctly sensed a guilty conscience in their opponent, and a possible opening to Connecticut's black voters. They produced a flyer showing a photo of Bill Clinton campaigning with their man in Waterbury, Conn., touting Lieberman's record as a civil-rights activist in the 1960s, and asking, "What is Ned Lamont's Civil Rights Record?" They reprinted in that context Lamont's admission to the *Times* that he hadn't previously paid much attention to his "not as diverse as it should be" club.

Any conservative can attest that this is Campaigning 101, as practiced by American liberals for more than a generation. But the left-wing bloggers who invented the Lamont campaign were aghast. This was "shameless race baiting," one wrote. "Democrats should NEVER stoop to this level."

How to hit back? Jane Hamsher—a Hollywood producer and blogger who has filmed campaign ads for Lamont and spearheaded the fundraising campaign for him among the left-wing nutroots—decided it was time to break the longstanding taboo on blackface. Hamsher illustrated one of her reports on the website of fellow Hollywood political *macher* Arianna Huffington with the Photoshopped image of Clinton and Lieberman shown here.

Arianna, always a trendsetter, was fine with that. "It was a satirical point she made in the picture," Arianna told the *Washington Post*'s Dan Balz, "and there was nothing in the text that was racist, and there is nothing about Jane that is racist." Glad that's cleared up. But the satire was lost on the Lamont campaign, which asked Hamsher to remove the illustration. She did. And she issued one of those formulaic, unrepentant apologies "to anyone who was offended."

Count THE SCRAPBOOK among those more bemused than offended—we're big fans of satire, too, Arianna. That's probably why we were laughing so hard at the comments of the anonymous creator of the blackface graphic, who goes by the name "darkblack." Here's his explanation to the *HuffPost* crowd of the creative muse that whispered in his ear:

> As the composer of the work in question, allow me to make some broader points clearer. . . . Lieber-



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man has attempted to activate a voting demographic that his strategists believe will aid him in his quest. To this end, he has imported a figure, Bill Clinton, who has standing with the American black community, and has repeatedly asserted his personal credentials as one who has worked on behalf of that community.

Yet Lieberman has engaged in race baiting (with the Lamont flyer) as a cynical attempt to game this demographic, and he has engaged in other activities which cast doubtful shadows upon this allegiance.

Thus, in my opinion, Lieberman is pretending to be something that he is not for personal gain, exactly like the vile caucasian minstrel show performers of Vaudeville. And so my artist's impression stands. . . . As for those who would heap ad hominem at the expense of reasoned debate on the greater issues . . . I care not what you think, and you are free to ignore my work as you wish.

Yep—that's some mighty fine "satire," not to mention "reasoned debate." Just the sort we've come to expect from the nutroots. ♦

## Whouley Moses

Last week, *Washington Post* reporter Jim VandeHei wrote a story headlined "Democrats Scrambling to Organize Voter Turnout." Read it, and you learn that the AFL-CIO plans to spend $40 million to turn out Democratic voters this fall; that Democratic National Committee chairman Howard Dean and Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee chairman Rep. Rahm Emanuel are no longer on speaking terms; and that Emanuel has hired Michael Whouley to supervise House Democrats' turnout efforts.

Among Democrats, Whouley (pronounced Hoo-ley), a longtime Democratic consultant based in Boston, has an outsized reputation. He has been called "magical," the "best in the biz," "the hottest name in Democratic field politics," and the "Vince Lombardi of politics," among other things. In short: The man is a legend.

And yet, as *U.S. News*'s Roger Simon once noted, "just what it is that Whouley does that is so magical is not easy to explain." Consultants burnish their reputations by working on winning campaigns. Whouley, though, seems to specialize in defeating other Democrats. An expert in the intricacies of Iowa's caucus system, Whouley won the caucuses for Gore in 2000 and again for Kerry in 2004. But when it comes time to move on to the general election, Whouley's candidates, with the exception of Bill Clinton (who, incidentally, lost the 1992 Iowa caucuses), have this unfortunate habit of, well, losing. Vince Lombardi is spinning in his grave. ♦

## Classic Headline from 'The Onion'

"Critics Accuse Joe Biden of Running for President for Political Reasons" ♦



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# Casual

## I, the Jury

My wife's boss is currently on jury duty. I had lunch not long ago with an old classmate who regaled me with the saga of his tenure on a federal jury. Just this week a colleague told me about his service on the jury in a (locally notorious) criminal trial. Everyone has served on a jury, it would seem, except me.

I used to notice that everyone had stories about talkative New York cab drivers, but that I did not: When I entered their domain, they inexplicably clammed up. For years, I assumed this was because the loudmouthed New York cabbie is an urban legend; but my wife has since explained that my expression in repose—jaw clenched, lips pursed, eyes narrowed—would discourage even the friendliest hacker.

This would not explain, however, my exile from civic duty. If jury service were a matter of application at City Hall, I would eagerly de-clench my jaw, unpurse my lips, and widen my eyes to be called. But the summons has never arrived in the mail.

Well, not exactly. In truth, I have been called three times for jury duty: once in the District of Columbia, another time in California, and finally in Rhode Island. But by extraordinary coincidence, each summons arrived just as I was on the verge of moving away from the jurisdiction. And since the last such letter arrived 14 years ago this summer, I have the feeling jury duty may have passed me by forever.

Is this cause for regret? It's difficult to say. People talk about how numbingly tedious the process can be: mostly sitting around waiting to be herded into a hearing room, or following soporific commercial disputes.

But I used to take a bus to work in Providence that, every morning, paused in front of the courthouse for a moment. I was always shocked by the spectacle of citizens milling about—with plastic "Juror" tags hanging from their necks—dressed, it would seem, for a neighborhood barbecue. I always assumed that I would present myself for jury duty in a comfortable tweed jacket and bow tie, carrying a copy of Proust for the waiting room, and be unanimously elected foreman.

No such luck.

Moreover, I held the sort of newspaper job in Providence—and Washington and Los Angeles—that might well have disqualified me from the pool.

Yet suppose my prayers are answered, and Fairfax County, Virginia, orders me to report next week to the "judicial center," or whatever it is they call courthouses these days. Would the commonwealth's attorney, or any smart trial lawyer, take a chance on me as a juror? I am not so sure.

Since my late mother was a lawyer, and judge, I harbor a cynical opinion of the profession—indeed, of the judicial system, including law enforcement, as a whole. I also cling to unwavering biases on certain subjects: All medical malpractice lawsuits are fraudulent; I am more deeply shocked by animal cruelty cases than many homicides; there is no such thing as an innocent bystander.

It gets worse. As a hopeless insomniac, I have seen more than my share of *Law and Order*, *Kojak*, and *Crossing Jordan* reruns, and I always root for the criminals. On *Law and Order*, when the detectives barge in on the stuffed-shirt pedophile/businessman's meeting to arrest him, I am indignant on his behalf. When the glamorous female medical examiner carves up the deceased, I pray that the findings will exonerate the prime suspect. When the psychopath hides in the laundry truck leaving the Big House, I hold my breath until he's safely off the premises.

Let us suppose, however, that the summons arrives, I fill out the questionnaire ("Are you in favor of capital punishment?" "Only for traffic cops") successfully, and sit quietly through the trial, declining to strike certain answers from the record. I have a lifelong horror of group discussions, and slow deliberation, and am sure that the business of weighing guilt or innocence—and listening, patiently, to every juror's thoughts—would drive me to distraction.

Whether this means I would choose to be the bombastic Lee J. Cobb in *Twelve Angry Men*, angrily demanding an immediate guilty verdict, or the saintly Henry Fonda in the same movie, gently appealing to reason and conscience, I cannot say. But more than an hour or two of conversation with earnest jurors would be cruel and unusual punishment—for me.

I think the lesson here is that it is not so much jury service that I would welcome as the opportunity to function as a singularly efficient judge, jury, and (if duty calls) executioner. I like to think that I work in a businesslike manner, I have reasonably good judgment, and am a fair shot. Think of the savings to taxpayers!

**Philip Terzian**



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## Yoga: Not Just for Yups

P. J. O'Rourke's "The Editor's Chair" (Casual, July 31) briefly denounces yoga as something fuzzy-minded liberal yuppies do. I'm a conservative who has practiced yoga since the start of the year, and I believe yoga is fully compatible with compassionate conservatism.

For one, it works: I've gotten stronger since I've started taking yoga classes. I've stretched muscles I haven't stretched in 30 years. Second, it's traditional: The poses in yoga have been perfected over thousands of years. Third, it's cheap: You don't need heavy iron to practice yoga. All the equipment you'd ever need won't cost you more than $50. Fourth, you can meet girls, and chicks dig yoga! Granted, you can easily go overboard, spending huge sums on yoga retreats or yoga bed and breakfasts. You could spend lots of money on outfits, books, CDs, and meditation sessions. But I contend that spending $15 for 90 minutes of yoga each week is a prudent, conservative expenditure.

Martin Morse Wooster
*Silver Spring, Md.*

## Post-Humane Society

Wesley J. Smith's first-rate "The Catman Cometh" (June 26), introducing some of the fringe elements of post-human utopianism, would have been hilarious if it weren't illustrative of such a scary (but not new) ethic of eugenics, in which the mortal reality of human existence serves as the ultimate enemy, to be destroyed at all costs (at the cost, even, of individual human lives).

Smith didn't mention here how this dehumanizing ethic has also come up again in the context of embryonic stem cell research (and which, once again, has come to the fore of political debate, President Bush having recently vetoed the Stem Cell Research Enhancement Act). I hope that this year, the "year of Our Ford 98" according to *Brave New World*, is not too late to recapture a lost sense of value for every individual human life as such. I am scared to think that the only thing Aldous Huxley may have miscalculated in his novel (set in A.F. 632, that is, A.D. 2540) is its timetable.

Chris Hammer
*Charlottesville, Va.*

## A Classic Kerfuffle

Professors Jon Steffan Bruss and Christopher McDonough were kind enough to cite my 2004 presidential address to the national classics conference in their review of Lee Pearcy's book ("Eternal Verities," June 26), but I must remonstrate about what I can only conclude is a typographical error. When they say, "It is interesting that, though O'Donnell had come to bury classics, he instead simply asked it to commit suttee," it should surely read, "It is praiseworthy that O'Donnell urged that classicists take a more expansionist and ambitious view of their subject and aspire to make even more significant contributions to human understanding than has been the case in the past." I can well understand that this minor error slipped past your eagle-eyed proofreading.

James J. O'Donnell
*Washington, D.C.*

## Correction

In a still photograph from the 1938 production of *Jezebel*, appearing with Rachel DiCarlo's "Miss Davis's Life" (Aug. 7), the actress Fay Bainter was misidentified as Spring Byington, who was also in the cast.

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# Anti-war, Anti-Israel, Anti-Joe

You fight the global war against jihadist Islam with the political parties you have.

We have two. One is the Republican party, led by George W. Bush. Its heart and mind are mostly in the right place. Its performance as a governing party in time of war is, admittedly, another matter. Do we have a strategy for victory in Iraq? Not if one judges by Donald Rumsfeld's testimony last week before the Senate Armed Services Committee. It shouldn't be too much to ask for competent leadership at the Defense Department in time of war, leadership characterized by a willingness to learn from mistakes, instead of an arrogant (and oddly defeatist) smugness.

But at least we have a president who knows we are at war with jihadist Islam. And he is willing to stake his presidency on that fight, and to support others, like Israel, who are in the same fight.

It's become clear, by contrast, that the Democratic party doesn't really want to fight jihadism. It's just too difficult. Last week the entire Democratic congressional leadership sent President Bush a letter on Iraq. The Democrats didn't chastise the administration for failing to do what it takes to achieve victory there. They didn't call for a larger military, or for more troops in Iraq, or for new tactics. Rather, they seemed to criticize the (belated) redeployment of troops "into an urban war zone in Baghdad." And they complained that "there has been virtually no diplomatic effort to resolve sectarian differences, no regional effort to establish a broader security framework, and no attempt to revive a struggling reconstruction effort"—as if these are the keys to success.

But success is not really what the Democrats have in mind. They want retreat—under the guise of "reducing the U.S. footprint in Iraq." As they say, "In the interests of American national security, our troops, and our taxpayers, the open-ended commitment in Iraq that you have embraced cannot and should not be sustained." So it's time to begin getting out.

Well, one might say, at least most Democratic members of Congress haven't criticized Bush for his support of Israel against Hezbollah. But these members are lagging indicators. Consider the views of the Democratic party at large.

Last week, in a national poll, the *Los Angeles Times* asked the following (tendentious) question: "As you may know, Israel has responded to rocket attacks from the Lebanese group Hezbollah by bombing Beirut and other cities in Lebanon. Do you think Israel's actions are justified or not justified?" And these were the results: In all, 43 percent of respondents found Israel's actions "justified, not excessively harsh"; 16 percent "justified, but excessively harsh"; and 28 percent "unjustified." What was the party breakdown? Among Republicans: 64 percent justified, 11 percent justified but too harsh, and 17 percent unjustified. Among Democrats: 29 percent justified, 20 percent justified but too harsh, and 36 percent unjustified.

The *Times* also asked which of the following statements comes closer to your view: "The United States should continue to align itself with Israel," or "The United States should adopt a more neutral posture." Republicans: 64 percent say align with Israel, 29 percent want a more neutral posture; Democrats: 39 percent say align with Israel, 54 percent want a more neutral posture. So even with a centrist Israeli government that is responding to a direct attack and not defending settlements in the territories, Democrats have adopted a "European" attitude toward Israel.

And toward the United States. That is the meaning of Connecticut Democrats' likely repudiation of Joe Lieberman. What drives so many Democrats crazy about Lieberman is not simply his support for the Iraq war. It's that he's unashamedly pro-American.

There is a political opportunity for the Bush administration if the Democrats reject Lieberman. If he's then unable to win as an independent in November, he would make a fine secretary of defense for the remainder of the Bush years. If his independent candidacy succeeds, it will be a message to Bush that he should forge ahead toward victory in Iraq and elsewhere. Either way, the possibility exists for creating a broader and deeper governing party, with Lieberman Democrats welcomed into the Republican fold, just as Scoop Jackson Democrats became Reaganites in the 1980s. Is it too fanciful to speculate about a 2008 GOP ticket of McCain-Lieberman, or Giuliani-Lieberman, or Romney-Lieberman, or Allen-Lieberman, or Gingrich-Lieberman? Perhaps. But a reinvigorated governing and war-fighting Republican party is surely an achievable goal. And a necessary one.

—*William Kristol*



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# Teach Your Children Well

## Classic anti-Semitic literature gets a second wind in Arab schools. BY NINA SHEA & JEANNE HOFFMAN

THE LEADERS of Saudi Arabia, Egypt, and Jordan startled observers last month when they initially condemned Hezbollah's attacks on Israel and failed to show solidarity with the Shiite terrorist group. Most surprised of all were ordinary Arabs, who took to the streets in protest. At anti-Israel rallies in places like Cairo and Amman, demonstrators chanted, "Where is Arab honor? Down with reactionary and treacherous Arab regimes!" The sentiment was echoed on Arab websites and seized on by extremist groups across the Sunni-Shiite divide.

No wonder many Arabs felt betrayed. Loathing for Israel and Jews is ingrained in a region where the official cultures demonize not only specific actions and policies of the state of Israel, but even its very existence. Several Arab governments provide their people cradle-to-grave indoctrination in raw anti-Semitism. Their education systems, government media, and state-financed clergy bombard citizens with the view that Jews must be hated and feared for theological, political, and social reasons.

Saudi Arabia's public schools, for example, instruct that Jews "obey the devil" and are those whom "God has cursed and with whom He is so angry that He will never again be satisfied." The Saudi edition of the Koran injects the phrase "such as the Jews" into the opening chapter, following the clause "those who have incurred your [God's] wrath."

Of all the anti-Jewish influences in the region, one of the most prevalent and potent is *The Protocols of the Elders of Zion*. Disseminated with the support and official sanction of the governments of Lebanon, Jordan, Egypt, Libya, Palestine, and Syria, as well as Saudi Arabia and other Gulf states, this work is used to shape the collective consciousness of Arab populations.

*The Protocols* is a century-old fabrication that purports to record the machinations of Jews conspiring to rule the world through treachery, fraud, and violence. Its prose is childish and rambling, as in this excerpt, taken from the eleventh of the 24 protocols:

> The goyim [non-Jews] are a flock of sheep, and we are their wolves. . . . For what purpose then have we invented this whole policy and insinuated it into the minds of the goys without giving them any chance to examine its underlying meaning? . . . It is this which has served as the basis for our organization of secret masonry which is not known to, and whose aims are not even so much as suspected by, these goy cattle, attracted by us into the 'show' army of Masonic Lodges in order to throw dust in the eyes of their fellows. God has given us, his chosen people, the power to scatter, and what to all appears to be our weakness, has proved to be our strength, and has now brought us to the threshold of sovereignty over all the world.

Adapted from an 1864 French satire of Napoleon III entitled *A Dialogue in Hell between Machiavelli and Montesquieu*, the text of *The Protocols* first appeared around the turn of the 20th century. Its authors, believed to be members of the Russian secret police, attempted to make it appear there was a Jewish plot to undermine the czar. The book's circulation in Russia at that time helped incite murderous pogroms.

Hitler then used *The Protocols* to indoctrinate Nazi youth. In 1924, his propaganda minister, Joseph Goebbels, found the tract "modern" and useful, admitting in his diary that he believed in "the intrinsic but not the factual truth of *The Protocols*."

*The Protocols* has been repeatedly discredited in Europe, where it originated, including by the London *Times*, a Swiss court, and an official Russian investigation. In 1964, the Senate Judiciary Committee looked into *The Protocols* and found it to be a hoax, calling it "crude and vicious nonsense."

Yet Middle Eastern governments have revived *The Protocols* for their own purposes.

Saudi public high schools now teach *The Protocols* as historical fact. A tenth grade textbook instructs that "Jews have tried to deny them but there are many proofs of their veracity." It summarizes the purported Jewish conspiracy as aiming to:

> 1. Undermine the foundation of the existing international community and its systems to enable Zionism to gain sole control over the world. 2. Eliminate Christian nationalities, religions, and nations in particular. 3. Work to increase the corruption of existing governments in Europe. Zionism believes in the corruption and collapse of these governments. 4. Gain control over the means of publication, propaganda, and newspapers; use gold to incite unrest; and exploit people's desires and spread depravity.

The Sunni extremist group Hamas includes a discussion of *The Protocols* in its charter:

> After Palestine, the Zionists aspire to expand from the Nile to the Euphrates. When they will have digested the region they overtook,

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*"Baby Hunters": from the Qatari paper Ar-Raya, July 17*

> they will aspire to further expansion and so on. Their plan is embodied in *The Protocols of the Elders of Zion*, and their present conduct is the best proof of what we are saying.

Both Saudi textbooks and the Hamas charter give detailed warnings of the "destructive" roles of the Freemasons, as well as the Lions and Rotary clubs, in the Zionist cause as laid out in *The Protocols*. Both blame this Jewish "agenda" for the French Revolution, World War I, the fall of the Ottoman Empire, and the Bolshevik Revolution.

In 2002, during Ramadan, when viewership is highest, Egypt aired a 41-part television series, *Horseman without a Horse*, in which *The Protocols* is a major plot element. The same year, an article in Egypt's government daily *Al-Akhbar* explained that the current evils in the world have been unfolding according to the "meticulous and precise plan and time schedule" of *The Protocols*.

*The Protocols* is often used to reinforce the blood libel, a medieval myth of Jewish ritual murder and poisoning. In a TV series entitled *Al-Shatat*, produced by Syria and aired in recent years in Jordan, Lebanon, and Iran, Jews aim to rule the world through a secret government led by the Rothschild family and are depicted making matzo with the blood of Muslim and Christian children.

The state-controlled media of the Middle Eastern countries commonly refer to *The Protocols* as if it were an authoritative historical document, linking it to the attacks of September 11, 2001, and other current events.

However preposterous, *The Protocols* is experiencing a resurgence. The United States Holocaust Memorial Museum, which opened an exhibition on *The Protocols* in April, finds the trend "dangerous," given the document's "incredible power for Nazis and others who seek to spread hatred of Jews."

Israeli judge Hadassa Ben-Itto comments on this phenomenon in her new legal history, *The Lie That Wouldn't Die*: "The Protocols, created to serve the powers of darkness at the helm of an empire fast approaching its self-imposed doom, were destined to outlive the [czarist] empire. They would survive to fire the imagination of prejudiced bigots who believed in apocalyptic prophesies."

Arab reactions to Israel's operations in Lebanon have drawn on slogans and images from *The Protocols*. In a political cartoon from Egypt, a bearded, hook-nosed Jew drenched in blood and standing atop a pile of skulls vies with Uncle Sam for domination of the world. In another, from Bahrain, a snake coiled into a star of David is ready to ensnare Lebanon and Gaza. The "Symbolic Serpent, the symbol of our people" is taken from the third protocol, and is often depicted on the cover of editions of the work.

At a demonstration of mostly Middle Eastern immigrants in Berlin on July 21, protestors chanted, "Israel drinks the blood of our children." Indeed, posters and cartoons from across the Arab world depict Jews in Lebanon eating children. It's only natural, then, that at a recent protest in Amman organized by the Muslim Brotherhood, the main opposition party in Jordan, thousands of chanting marchers called on the "beloved" leader of Hezbollah to "hit Haifa and Tel Aviv!"

By deliberately stoking anti-Semitism for decades, Arab leaders have sown expectations among their people that are incompatible with peace in the region. As a first step toward eliminating state-sponsored anti-Semitism, Saudi Arabia, Egypt, and Jordan should publicly debunk *The Protocols of the Elders of Zion* as the lie that it is and stop foisting this falsehood on their citizens. ♦



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# Been There, Done That

## Engaging Syria isn't going to work.

**BY DAVID SCHENKER**

LAST WEEK, even before the carnage in Qana, a parade of pundits, lawmakers, and former policymakers started calling for Washington to reengage in a dialogue with Damascus. President Carter, Senator Chuck Hagel of Nebraska, and *New York Times* columnist Thomas Friedman, among others, argued that the Bush administration should talk with Syria about reining in Hezbollah, perhaps with an eye to breaking the Damascus-Tehran axis.

This policy prescription is ill-advised and poorly timed. Moreover, the strategy was tried and failed during President Bush's first administration. Washington engaged Syria in a robust fashion from 2001 through the assassination of former Lebanese prime minister Rafik Hariri in February 2005, sending no less than five senior-level U.S. delegations to cajole Bashar Assad to change his unhelpful behavior. Discussions during this period focused on Iraq—in particular on Syria's role in destabilizing the newly liberated country—but also touched on Syrian interference in Lebanon, provision of safe haven to Palestinian terrorist groups, and ongoing support for Hezbollah.

It's no secret that the administration was divided over the utility of this engagement, but, nevertheless, the effort was made in good faith. On a broad range of U.S. policy concerns articulated during these meetings, Syria was without exception unresponsive. And this was when things were going relatively well for the United States in the region.

Why then does anyone believe that Syria will be responsive now, when U.S. leverage is diminished by the deterioration of conditions in Iraq and by Iran's seemingly effortless foray into the nuclear club? Assad is clearly feeling emboldened: Inconclusive U.N. reporting on the Hariri assassination has given him the impression that Syria has dodged the bullet of international sanctions for the killing. The Syrian reform movement has been duly repressed, Syria's economy is performing fairly well, and now, with Syrian assistance, Lebanon is once again on the verge of ruin.

Bashar al-Assad

Reuters Photo Archive / Khaled Al-Hariri

Given this state of affairs, it seems naive to expect that Washington will be able to convince Assad that a change of policy would really be in his regime's best interest. In fact, from where Assad sits, things could hardly be better. The Assads have controlled Syria for some 35 years and are doing quite well, thank you. Why mess with success?

The notion that the Bush administration will somehow be able to tempt Syria away from its Iranian patron and Hezbollah is a long shot at best. The potential costs of such a gambit, however, could be steep.

Granting Damascus a reprieve from its well deserved international isolation would undermine what remains of U.S. credibility with Syrian reformers and Lebanese democrats. Reengagement would also practically invite a Syrian return to Lebanon. Even more problematic, as Assad has put it, "Syria is not a charity," and as such we can expect that Damascus would extract a high price for even temporary compliance with U.S. demands.

The price is not hard to envision. At a minimum, the Syrians would need the U.N. to bring the Hariri assassination investigation to a swift conclusion without implicating the Assad regime. Assad would also no doubt want a free pass from Washington for his ongoing repression of the Syrian people, and an end to the freedom agenda as it relates to Syria.

In any event, Syria's behavior—its bellicose statements about military conflict with Israel, its playing host only last week to meetings with Iran, Palestinian Islamic Jihad, and Hamas, and its attempts to rearm Hezbollah—do not suggest that Assad is looking for a deal.

Should Syria make an abrupt about-face in its unhelpful policies on Hezbollah, Iraq, and the Palestinian terrorist organizations—by, for instance, expelling Iraqi insurgents and Hamas leaders—Washington might want to consider robust engagement. But as long as Syria demonstrates itself to be an active part of the Hezbollah problem, it would be foolish to look toward Syria as part of the solution. ♦

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# How to Speak Liberal . . .

## Start by obfuscating.

**BY FRED BARNES**

DURING A GET-TO-KNOW-YOU meeting with the new Treasury secretary, Henry Paulson, last week, a veteran Washington journalist asked about possible bipartisan talks to deal with the growing cost of entitlements. "Would revenues be on the table?" he inquired. Paulson looked puzzled. Another journalist explained that the question was about tax increases. Would they be considered?

The questioner had used a word—"revenues"—drawn from the growing lexicon of liberalism. It is a language quite common now in Washington and in liberal political circles, and it's designed to substitute softer or neutral words for harsher ones with political implications. It is a language of euphemism and, at times, deception. Paulson, by the way, wisely declined to answer the question.

The most striking recent example is Democratic representative John Murtha's plan to "redeploy" American troops from Iraq. His idea, of course, is to pull all the troops out as soon as possible. But "redeploy" makes it sound like a tactical maneuver rather than a move to retreat, to give up, to cut and run. Other Democrats have adopted the word. Murtha, however, is sometimes more candid about what he has in mind, urging "immediate withdrawal" to Okinawa, more than 5,000 miles away from Iraq.

The classic substitute of a favorable word is "choice." No, it has nothing to do with school choice. For liberals, "choice" offers a detour around the touchy word "abortion" with its clear meaning that something is to be aborted or killed—in this case, an unborn child. Those who favor a right to abortion are "pro-choice" and their anti-abortion or pro-life opponents are "anti-choice." And the pro-abortion group once known as the National Abortion Rights Action League has become NARAL Pro-Choice America. NARAL is not an acronym, according to the group. The first "A" stands for nothing and certainly not for "abortion." In the same vein, on July 19, members of the Association of Trial Lawyers of America approved changing that group's name to the American Association for Justice. (What about Truth and the American Way?)

One thing liberals no longer favor is government "spending," particularly on domestic programs. Instead, they want government to "invest." This is what people do in their homes and in stocks and bonds. And for their investment, they get a return. Liberals would have you think that when government agencies spend on—whoops, invest in—domestic programs, the results are similar.

Liberals have also pulled a switch on what they call themselves. They've figured out that "liberal" is a pejorative word. In the minds of millions of Americans, it means woolly-headed thinking on every sort of issue. So liberals have morphed into "progressives." And many of their sympathizers in the media have embraced the name change. Would they do the same if conservatives wanted to call themselves, say, "traditionalists"? I suspect not.

At the local level, liberals often go by a different name. They are "activists." Again, the media have helped popularize that word. So the folks who protest plans to build a Wal-Mart in their town or suburb are "activists." The people who oppose a zoning change to allow a church to be built are "activists." What about those who don't want an abortion clinic in their town? They're still conservatives.

A few liberal euphemisms have embedded themselves firmly in the broad political vocabulary. Take "affirmative action." It sounds like a nice thing. In fact, it consists of quotas or racial preferences, things that most Americans don't think are so nice and for the most part oppose.

There's also a special set of words that apply to Israel, and they all suggest the same thing: the need for pressure by the United States to force Israel to make concessions to Palestinians or other Middle Eastern foes. *Newsweek* recently urged the United States to get "involved" in the Middle East. Others call for the president to be "engaged" there. An "evenhanded" policy toward the Middle East? That, too, means leaning on Israel.

One liberal word hasn't taken off yet. It's "lies," as in supposed untruths told by President Bush. One Bush "lie" was his saying that weapons of mass destruction would be found in Iraq. Bush thought it was true, but it turned out not to be. Does that make it a lie? Another Bush statement labeled a "lie" was his claim in his 2000 campaign to be "a uniter, not a divider." He believed that, too. So was it a lie? Liberals have failed to persuade very many of that.

The liberal transformation of political language won't be complete until a substitute is found for a word that drives liberals crazy. That word is "patriotism." On national security, liberals imagine they're being accused of being unpatriotic (in truth, they aren't). They have come up with an answer anyway. Dissent, they say, is the highest form of patriotism. Not quite. Dissent may not be unpatriotic, but it certainly isn't patriotism. Nice try, though. ♦

*Fred Barnes is executive editor of* THE WEEKLY STANDARD.



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# Hangin' with Hezbollah

## Encounter in an East Jerusalem cafe.

**BY JEFFREY GEDMIN**

*Jerusalem*

I WAS SITTING IN A CAFE in East Jerusalem the other day, drinking a Diet Coke and waiting for a friend, and I couldn't resist asking. Three teenage boys, all Arab-Israelis it turned out, were watching a report on the war in Lebanon on a small TV in the corner, and I wanted a translation of the commentary.

They were watching Al-Manar (the lighthouse), Hezbollah's satellite television station, which can be seen throughout the Middle East. We ended up talking for an hour and a half.

They were engaging guys, with warm smiles. One wore a T-shirt with the word "America" emblazoned on it. They had a sense of humor. I thought they were joking at first, when they told me they all supported Hezbollah, the Party of God. They would pump their fists in the air when "good news" was reported from the front.

"The Jews are on our ground," said one. "They should go back to Europe." When I suggested some of the Jews may wish to stay in Israel, he calmly told me they should be moved. Iran's mad president, the one who wants to wipe Israel off the map, has his supporters.

The Iranian regime has been a leader in the last quarter century in promoting anti-Western thought and hatred of Israel and the United States. It's influence in Lebanon has been extraordinary. Thanks to support from Iran, Hezbollah is a state within the Lebanese state. It collects taxes, operates clinics, and runs its own media, courts, police force, prisons, and schools with materials imported from Iran. I have to laugh every time a European friend tells me—in the name of balance, to be sure—that Hezbollah is not just a militia, but also a provider of important social services. I've not yet seen a study of Hezbollah textbooks, but if what Iranian kids are taught is any indication, Hezbollah schools could be a little creepy. The Center for Monitoring the Impact of Peace (*www.edume.org*) has compiled from Iranian textbooks lovely examples like this one, from a third grade text: "At that time the Israeli officer pounded [3-year-old] Mohammed's head with his rifle's stock and his warm blood was sprinkled upon [his 6-year-old brother] Khaled's hands." From an eleventh grade text there is this: "[Israel] has been created . . . as a base for America and other aggressive powers, with the aim of taking over the Muslim lands."

*They were engaging guys, with warm smiles. One wore a T-shirt with the word "America" emblazoned on it. They had a sense of humor. I thought they were joking at first, when they told me they all supported Hezbollah.*

You always wonder how much of this stuff sticks. On the one hand, you have the woman from the Lebanese port city of Tyre who just told the *Daily Telegraph*, "It is our duty as mothers to start producing more boys . . . to be martyrs for their country." (I keep thinking about those nicely dressed, well-spoken young gentlemen from the East Jerusalem cafe, who, unless they really were kidding me, are committed to the slaughter of innocents in the name of "resistance" and "liberation.")

On the other hand, moderate Lebanese seem to be popping up everywhere these days. The German daily *Tagesspiegel* recently published a letter to the editor from a Lebanese man living in Berlin, who lived in south Lebanon until 2002. Writes Dr. Mounir Herzallah: "After Israel left, it did not take long until Hezbollah called the shots in all towns and villages. [They] installed rocket launchers in bunkers. The social work of this Party of God then consisted of building schools and apartment buildings on top of these bunkers!" Those who follow the Arab blogosphere report heavy criticism of Israel's actions in Lebanon, but even heavier criticism of Hezbollah and its patrons. That would be mildly encouraging.

It was as predictable as it was embarrassing these past days to see European diplomats scurrying to Beirut and Damascus. In Beirut, the French foreign minister fawned over his Iranian counterpart, calling Iran's mullah regime a respectable actor and force for stability in the region. This was happening at the same time that the chairman of Iran's powerful Guardian Council, Ayatollah Ahmad Jannati, was urging Muslims from around the world to send weapons to Hezbollah.

Iran's contribution to stability is well-known. In a recent report from the Center for Strategic and International Studies (*www.csis.org/burke*), Anthony Cordesman writes that "there seem to be regular meetings between Iranian, Syrian, and Hezbollah leaders." Cordesman continues: "The Hezbollah also seems to send some cadres for expert training in Iran." Indeed. On July 25, the London Arabic daily *Al-Sharaq Al-Awsat* quot-

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ed a high-ranking Iranian Revolutionary Guards officer, who claimed that the Iranians had assisted Hezbollah in the July 14 firing of a C802 missile at an Israeli navy ship. The same officer boasted that "hundreds of Hezbollah fighters currently confronting Israel's military array took part in special training courses at the Revolutionary Guard bases in Tehran, Isfahan, Mashhad, and Ahvaz."

Iran is oozing affection for its offspring in Lebanon these days. The Iranian Farda news agency stated recently that some 2,500 suicide fighters had been recruited and are awaiting an order from Iran's supreme leader to begin assisting Hezbollah. Ayatollah Ebrahim Amini, one of the country's top clerics, says Israel's actions in Lebanon resemble "the Crusades."

Israelis are sensitive to this kind of incitement. The Israel Defense Forces conducted a raid in Lebanon several days ago apparently aimed at capturing a prominent Hezbollah leader, Mohammed Yazbeck, who is the personal representative of Iran's supreme leader, Ayatollah Ali Khamenei. The supreme leader made himself heard in an August 2 communiqué, in which he called Hezbollah "the Muslim nation's front-line defense" and promised more "martyrdom" to fend off the Zionist-American plot aimed at seizing control "over the Muslim world."

It is hard to know for certain how the shadowy Shiite connection between Hezbollah and Iran works. Senior officials in Washington are doubtful that Iran actually controls Hezbollah.

In contrast, there have been unconfirmed reports from Israeli sources that an Iranian general, Yahya Rahim Safavi, has assumed command of the Lebanon war. Former Israeli chief of staff Moshe Yaalon believes at a minimum that Iranian Zelzal missiles—the items in the Hezbollah arsenal that are capable of striking Tel Aviv—may be under Iranian command and control.

Benjamin Netanyahu, the former Israeli prime minister who now leads the opposition Likud party, keeps telling me that Iran is the real game. Hezbollah, says Netanyahu, "is just an appendage." To be sure, like Iran's mullahs, Hezbollah leader Sheikh Hassan Nasrallah is obsessed with the Great Satan. In January 2003, Nasrallah told Hezbollah radio that the Muslim world should understand that "Israel is merely a battalion of the American army . . . the United States is the principal enemy."

I guess by now most of us have come to the conclusion that reaching out to the moderates in this part of the world is a morally, but also strategically, important thing to do. It is surely worth every penny, conference, broadcast, and scholarship we can muster to build bridges to and learn from voices of decency and moderation. That's an investment for the long term.

Meanwhile, you don't have to be Israeli to see that Hezbollah must be defanged. We surely also have to do everything we can to delegitimize, discredit, and, ultimately, defeat those powers that keep feeding groups like the so-called Party of God. ♦

Michael Ramirez



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# Call It Murder

## But don't call it a hate crime.

**BY DAVID GELERNTER**

PAMELA WAECHTER was murdered at the Jewish Federation of Greater Seattle on Friday, July 28—an American who was born a Lutheran and reared in Minneapolis, a middle-aged mother, a convert to Judaism who became a leader in Seattle's Jewish community. *Pamela Waechter*. Do not stamp her "hate crime" victim and file her away. Because her killer said, "I'm Muslim American; I'm angry at Israel," the local police and the FBI have both called this a "hate crime" murder—just one more handy tag for deceased human beings whom you lack the time or energy to remember. And this particular tag is foolish and destructive. It attempts to bring home the frightfulness of the ultimate crime by seasoning it with social-worker talk.

Murder is always a crime, and to call it a "hate crime" adds nothing and explains nothing. (Murders done for love or any other reason are just as bad.) Hatred is never a crime; if the Seattle killer had kept his hatred to himself, it would still be his business and no one else's. The "hate crime" label makes it too easy to lose track of the dead woman as we ponder the crime and the killer. It speaks of a society where solving crime isn't enough for law enforcement officers; where they need to preen for the cameras too. It suggests a society that is already on the road to forgetting that we claim the power (in this free land) to police your actions, not your emotions.

Of course it is important that hatred is wrong for America's two principal religions. Although Judaism and Christianity travel different routes, they reach approximately this same point. But there are subtleties along the way. And policemen and justice officials are the wrong people to teach us about them. We should be hearing about these topics from our priests, rabbis, and ministers (and maybe our philosophers of ethics, if they can remember to hold onto reality and think straight). The whole idea of "hate crime" is one more sad symptom of the dreadful modern tendency to replace "moral" by "legal," "what is right" by "what is lawful" (which inevitably becomes "what you can get away with")—and worst of all to substitute bureaucrats, legislators, and academics for clergymen and bona fide philosophers.

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It is not merely nonsense, it is dangerous to call certain crimes "hate crimes." Suppose some thug commits barbaric cruelties against a homosexual because of his homosexuality—an obvious "hate crime." Would the crime have been less wicked if the same thug had done the exact same thing to the same man who happened, in this scenario, to be a homeless drifter the thug had never seen before? Whose face he didn't happen to like?

Here is the real danger and potential evil of the "hate crime" label. Society will be tempted to pour more energy into solving the hate crime than the other one. Sometimes it's right to work harder on certain crimes—if the criminal is likely to strike again, if the crime is virulent and likely to catch on; for other reasons of public safety. And it's only natural to work harder on history-making crimes that affect the whole public—a Lindbergh kidnapping, a JFK assassination.

But we want fewer and not more "special" crimes that get extra attention. *Equal justice under law* is the noble idea carved on the front of our Supreme Court building. It means that, among other things, we pursue killers of down-and-out drifters just as hard as any other killers. It's true that talk about "hate crimes" began partly because some crimes were getting *less* than their fair share of attention, under some circumstances in some places. But we no longer live in 1965.

Equal justice under law is a goal we are still far from reaching, but it's a good goal—and labels like "hate crime" send us off in the opposite direction. They distort the landscape of justice. How ugly and odious that affirmative action should still be pulling strings and putting in fixes post-mortem, should still be working to submerge your actual personhood under a flood of chatter and statistics when you are in your grave.

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Maybe the FBI believes that, after all, hate is wrong and citizens must be taught not to do it. But even the briefest glance at (for example) the Jewish sources makes clear why this view is simpleminded.

Three statements tell us collectively that hatred is bad but not all hatreds are equal, and circumstances and gradations are crucial. Most important, in the Bible: "Thou shalt not hate thy brother in thine heart; thou shalt rebuke *yes rebuke* thy neighbor" (Leviticus 19:17). Which does not condemn hatred; it orders us never to let hatred fester—conceding implicitly that hatreds do arise and always will. And when they do, we are precisely *not* to pretend that they haven't. (Here the Bible anticipates the psychology of Nietzsche and Freud.)

Two other nuanced statements from the Talmud: Rabbi Yehoshua says that "hatred of mankind shortens a man's life." He is condemning blanket, undiscriminating hatred—

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not hatred of a man who deliberately hurt your child (say) but hatred of the sort that encompasses everyone. Elsewhere in the Talmud we read that God decreed the destruction of the Second Temple because of "groundless hatred" within the Jewish community. A staggering idea: that such devastating punishment would be imposed on account of unbrotherly hatred running wild, like an evil thread through an unraveling tapestry. A statement that modern America (and Israel and Europe, not to mention the radical Arab world) ought to ponder. But again *groundless* hatred is the culprit, and not all hatred is groundless.

There is no way to read the Jewish sources as a group and not conclude that hatred is bad and must be avoided wherever it can be. ("Hatred stirreth up strifes; but love covereth all sins." Proverbs 10:12.) When hatred is inevitable, the best a man can do is to speak honestly to his enemy—and never behind his back.

The New Testament view seems less psychological, more categorical. ("But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you." Matthew 5:44, and similar verses.) But there are nuances under the surface here too. Other ethical systems have their own views, subtleties, and circumstances. An important topic—and our policemen and bureaucrats are the wrong people to teach us about it.

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A crime and sin like the one we saw in Seattle probably has no great implications for U.S. criminology. But it does throw light into the great U.S. cultural rift, now wider than the Grand Canyon. Where do we go for spiritual wisdom, to our religious heritage (and the occasional wise teacher) or to the do-gooding, ceaselessly nattering Professor's State that smothers us like a child's antique yellow raincoat?

In Hebrew, "repentance" and "return" are the same word. The Seattle catastrophe calls on us to return to churches and synagogues where we can get wisdom instead of sociological insight. Let the cops return to catching criminals without editorializing, and the clergy to preaching religion. A change of pace for everyone. The murder of Pamela Waechter and the injuries inflicted on five of her coworkers—Dayna Klein, Carol Goldman, Cheryl Stumbo, Christina Rexroad, and Layla Bush—tell us that this is a time for national repentance, or in other words national *return*, from moralizing to morality. ♦

# Bad Days for Big Dig

## But a good opportunity for Governor Mitt Romney. BY SHAWN MACOMBER

*Boston*

IN 2003, at a ribbon-cutting ceremony supposedly signaling the end of the "Big Dig"—the nearly two-decade-long project to ease Boston traffic by routing the city's major thoroughfares underground and underwater via a series of tunnels—Massachusetts Turnpike Authority (MTA) chairman Matthew Amorello, the project's supervisor, insisted that the Dig rivaled "anything in the history of the world built by men."

Maybe. It's no doubt true that the largest public works project in the nation's history has grown corpulent on federal largesse, soaring from an estimated price tag of $2.2 billion in 1983 to somewhere near $15 billion today. And $15 billion hasn't yet bought a tunnel system free from hundreds of leaks (including a monster 300-gallon-per-minute gusher), falling debris, collapsing walls, and rampant fraud—ranging from the delivery of some 5,000 truckloads of degraded concrete to tunnel construction sites to the *Boston Herald*'s recent revelation that construction workers "used duct tape to temporarily secure bolts now coming loose."

It gets worse. On the evening of July 10, as 38-year-old newlywed Milena Del Valle drove with her husband through the I-90 Connector tunnel—one of the Dig's major routes—on their way to Logan airport to meet a relative, twelve tons of concrete fell from the tunnel's ceiling, crushing the Del Valles' Honda and killing Milena instantly. After years of hammering away at Big Dig ineptitude, Republican governor Mitt Romney now seems imbued with a bit of Churchillian prescience (though perhaps on a less grand scale). Meanwhile, Romney's opponents have run for cover as the purported lame duck, with a mere five months left in office, promises action in the form of a "stem to stern safety audit," the objective of which, he insists, is not to "cast blame."

Perhaps more important, Romney's success—or failure—in bringing order to the Big Dig has implications far beyond Boston. In his 2002 gubernatorial campaign, Romney touted his shepherding of the scandal-ridden Salt Lake City Winter Olympic Games from near-disaster to great success, a story he recounts in his 2004 book *Turnaround*. The question facing Romney now is whether a similar "turnaround" of the Big Dig—or at least the beginning of one, consider-

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ing the scope of the problem—could become the key to his bid for the Republican presidential nomination in 2008.

Romney dismisses any partisan talk. "This is about engineering, not politics," he said in an interview last week. His case is bolstered by the fact that his primary adversary thus far has been MTA chairman Amorello—a fellow Republican. Still, there *is* a political side to Romney's new role in the Dig, and so far it seems to be to the governor's advantage.

Perhaps realizing this, his opponents are on the attack. In a recent press release, Massachusetts Democratic party chairman Philip Johnston derided the "incompetence" of the Romney administration, calling it "mind-boggling." The release went on to say that Romney's "performance last week [responding to the Big Dig crisis] was great theater but obviously lacking in substance." Meantime, Massachusetts Democratic congressman Michael Capuano told the *Boston Globe*, "If by next week we don't see the outlines of the 'stem to stern' review, we can question whether we'll ever get one"—as if Democrats have ever shown the will to rein in "Tip's Tunnel," one of the Dig's nicknames (after former Speaker of the House Tip O'Neill, another Massachusetts Democrat and one of the project's most vocal champions).

There is the danger—and, in some quarters, the hope—that Romney's getting involved with the Dig might damage his nascent presidential campaign. A recent *Boston Phoenix* headline pondered: "Mitt's Katrina: Could the Big Dig collapse doom Romney's presidential dreams?" And political consultant Dick Morris went so far as to tell the *Boston Herald* that Romney should have kept the Big Dig "at arm's length," because the governor "is now going to be held responsible for every delay, every cost overrun, and every construction defect."

Such sentiments, however, do not reflect the reality on the ground. The Big Dig's reputation precedes it in an exceedingly negative way. Few here will assign Romney blame for a mess two decades in the making. Instead, after years of inaction, people see Romney on television nearly every day, articulating step-by-step solutions, taking responsibility for their implementation in press conference after press conference, describing in detail the issues at hand, showcasing an almost bizarrely detailed understanding of engineering minutiae, and even drawing diagrams on the fly.

This isn't the first time Romney has tried to take on the Dig. In early 2003 and late 2004, he attempted to create an independent commission to recover the cost of faulty work and investigate tunnel leaks. No dice, said the legislature. In March 2005, Romney petitioned the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts for an advisory opinion on how he might legally remove Amorello from the MTA, complaining the bureaucrat was "secretive" and had resisted "oversight of his own board." The request was denied for lack of "urgency."

Matthew Amorello

Getty / Darren McCollester

Apparently, that urgency has now made itself manifest. Within days of Del Valle's death, the overwhelmingly Democratic legislature took a near unanimous U-turn and handed Big Dig inspections over to Romney. Likewise, the Supreme Judicial Court soon gave Romney the green light to remove Amorello. The chairman chose to resign before he could be fired.

As Romney correctly estimates, "public trust in the Turnpike Authority is near zero," mostly, he believes, because the agency "is frequently dismissive of the failures of their project."

Indeed, whatever the latest disaster, Bostonians could always count on an upbeat press conference. "Let me start by assuring you that the I-93 tunnels are safe and structurally sound," Amorello cooed after one nonfatal crisis. When a former Big Dig engineer came forward to say recently uncovered structural defects made it impossible for him to vouch for the safety of the I-93 tunnel, project engineer John Christian told a local ABC reporter, "The tunnels are safe, they are quite safe, and it is outrageous and irresponsible to suggest otherwise."

Even in the face of last month's death, Amorello told the *New York Times* that "these tunnels are safe" and



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insisted, "This was a horrible, horrible event, and it was an anomaly." Days later, tests showed more than 1,100 bolts in the tunnels could not be trusted to secure ceiling panels.

"Early on, anyone looking at the Big Dig saw that it was a management horror show," Romney told me. "It has been grossly under-managed, with huge cost overruns and extraordinary delays. What we began to find out was that it also had apparently cut corners and not been subjected to the kind of rigorous oversight that you'd expect in the world's largest public works project."

"When I learned that a ceiling panel had collapsed and killed a human being," Romney went on, "it followed the same pattern, but the human cost had now reached a new level. What was before a financial embarrassment became a human tragedy."

He described how he plans to handle the problem. "The best way to make something better is to expose it to the disinfectant of sunlight," Romney says. "My approach in these kinds of settings is to open the doors, open the windows, let the light in, let the public see what's going on. In my experience, people always feel better knowing about the real problems than guessing what those problems might be."

Even Romney's friends say the governor has his work cut out for him. "This is going to make the Olympics look easy," Massachusetts House minority leader Brad Jones, a Republican, says. (In a strange coincidence, while overseeing the 2002 Olympics, Romney also had to respond to a ceiling collapse in the Olympic village.)

Regardless of how the Big Dig affects Romney's presidential aspirations, though, the problem will not leave office with him. Local officials—indeed, the entire state—will need to fight a growing reputation for out-of-control, even deadly, public works. "Aside from the safety issues, which are of paramount concern, in the longterm this isn't a great marketing tool for the Commonwealth," Jones says. "'Please come to Boston, just avoid the tunnels,' is a hard sell." ♦

# Keep the Champagne on Ice

## Cuba isn't free yet.

**BY DUNCAN CURRIE**

Michael Ramirez

WHETHER FIDEL CASTRO is sick, dead, or almost dead, the post-Fidel era has already begun, just in time for his 80th birthday on August 13. And while they may be honking horns and dancing in the streets of Miami, a sober look at Cuba suggests keeping the champagne on ice. Havana does not yet resemble the Prague or Berlin of 1989. Should Fidel's "temporary" health sabbatical become permanent, he still will have left office on his own terms. And the Cuban dictatorship will survive—for now.

Its new boss, most assume, will be Fidel's younger brother Raúl, the longtime defense minister who was anointed "interim" president by his big brother last week. Yet, as of August 4, Raúl Castro had not been seen in public. Many suspect he is courting top military officials and gauging their allegiance. As Cuba expert and former CIA officer Brian Latell has written, "The military is the most powerful, competent, and influential institution in Cuba." Indeed, "they take in about 60 percent of tourism revenues and two thirds of hard currency retail sales."

Those are the chief means—tourism and hard currency from abroad—by which Fidel kept his revolution afloat in the mid-1990s, after the loss of his Soviet patron. He had little choice. Food shortages, blackouts, and a dire economic crisis had sparked violent unrest. Following riots near the Malecon boardwalk in August 1994, Castro unleashed a flotilla of refugees, allowing thousands of Cubans to sail for Florida on flimsy rafts and rickety boats. This helped quell the turmoil, and it also led to the Clinton-Castro migration accords, which obliged America to grant some 20,000 Cuban visas a year.

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But there was a catch: Castro got to pick the emigrants. This lets him divide families and then pocket money from remittances. He has also used the policy as a safety valve to squelch dissent. Many of the pro-democracy dissidents still in Cuba are inspiring, even heroic; Oswaldo Paya and Marta Beatriz Roque come to mind. But they belong to rival factions and often feud, especially over the U.S. embargo and Paya's Varela Project, which calls for change *within* the post-1959 constitution. (Last spring, Paya snubbed the first meeting of Roque's Assembly to Promote Civil Society in Cuba.)

Human rights activists are also still reeling from a 2003 crackdown that banished several dozen to prison. It is possible that the democrats, whose ranks are heavily infiltrated, may someday coalesce into a formal opposition with seats in parliament. But for now, the dissident movement remains tiny and fractious. The proximate threat to a Raúl-led dictatorship may come from reformist Politburo and State Council members, or perhaps maverick military officers, who are ready to extinguish Castroism for good.

For all we know, there could be Boris Yeltsin-type figures tucked away in the Cuban government. Under Fidel they could not speak out for fear of reprisal. Now they might. It's also worth noting a paper released by the Clinton administration in the mid-1990s, which held that the Cuban military was a potential source of reform. The senior generals, such as Abelardo Colome Ibarra and Alvaro Lopez Miera, may stay loyal to Raúl. But what if others are ambitious for power? One thing is fairly certain: Should there be what Latell dubs "a Tiananmen Square scenario," orders for a civilian massacre could split the military, and might spell the end of Raúl's government.

Roger Noriega, formerly the top U.S. diplomat for Latin America, thinks a Raúlista regime could collapse within "months." Raúl is widely despised in Cuba for his ruthless ways and utter dearth of charisma. Not for nothing did he earn the nickname "Raúl the Terrible" while befriending Che Guevara, carrying out executions, and preaching hard-line Stalinism in the 1950s and '60s. He is also a well-known alcoholic, with health woes that may include cirrhosis of the liver. At 75, he might be overwhelmed by the trials of holding together post-Fidel Cuba.

But let's assume he hangs tough. Directly below Raúl, several true believers will be jostling for influence. They include Ricardo Alarcon, 69, president of the National Assembly; Felipe Perez Roque, 41, the foreign minister; and Carlos Lage, 54, the State Council vice president. Noriega predicts Raúl will establish a "troika" with Alarcon ("the face of the regime") and Perez Roque. Lage is "probably outside that troika" but still important.

What then? Will Raúl prove an ideological chameleon, ready to embrace the Chinese template of market economics and authoritarian politics? Or will he prove as rigid as Fidel? Will he conspire with Venezuela's Hugo Chávez to subvert Latin American democracies? How will he treat the *Yanquis*? And what happens to the U.S. embargo?

By now there seems little doubt that Raúl is sympathetic to the Chinese model. But that may not mean less repression. After all, Deng Xiaoping's relaxed policies spawned the protesters in Tiananmen Square. Should Cuba take that risk?

To improve the lot of the Cuban


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people, yes. To revive the island's desiccated economy, yes. But the regime has other lifelines, namely, Venezuela and China. Havana receives an estimated 80,000 to 100,000 barrels of crude oil each day from Caracas, some of which it sells for hard currency. Its second largest trading partner is Beijing. "Oil rigs along Cuba's northwest heavy oil belt boast Chinese flags," reported the *Financial Times* last March. Meanwhile, "Cuba's ports are being revamped with Chinese equipment, in part, to handle millions of Chinese domestic appliances that began arriving last year." Combined with tourism, remittances, and European trade, these revenue streams may help stabilize Cuba during its transition. And as long as Chávez keeps pumping petroleum, Havana will support his vision of leftist agitation across Latin America.

Where does that leave U.S. policy? Predictably, Democrats have renewed their calls for ending sanctions unilaterally. Just one problem: The 1996 Helms-Burton Act prohibits lifting the embargo until Cuba goes democratic. Simply replacing Fidel with Raúl won't work. Arizona Republican Jeff Flake says he will introduce a House bill next month with Massachusetts Democrat Bill Delahunt that seeks to repeal portions of Helms-Burton. Flake would scrap the whole embargo if he could.

Others, mainly Cuban Americans and conservatives, say the embargo is now more crucial than ever. It may be our only viable carrot to induce progress toward democracy. President Bush shares this view. He hopes to crank up dissident aid (by $80 million) and set up a permanent platform to prevent jamming of America's Radio and TV Marti broadcasts into Cuba. He may also reevaluate U.S. visa policy.

"It's the first time in 47 years that we have a real comprehensive plan to deal with Cuba," says GOP congressman Mario Diaz-Balart. If Raúl goes wobbly, or if a future Cuban regime genuinely seeks to normalize relations, the plan might even work. ♦

# Aggressive North, Submissive South

## What Bush can do for the people of Korea.

**BY SUNG-YOON LEE**

CONTRARY TO popular belief, the party left most isolated by the U.N. Security Council's unanimous condemnation of North Korea's missile launches and nuclear programs is not the reclusive Pyongyang regime, but the *other* Korea, the affluent one south of the 38th parallel. After all, Kim Jong Il—the "general," as his people call him, although he never served in the military—can at least bet on his devoted suitors in the South Korean government to keep making passes at him. Kim's top suitor in Seoul, President Roh Moo Hyun, was abandoned not only by his American and Japanese friends—who pointedly shunned South Korea in discussions leading up to the U.N. resolution—but also by the Dear Leader himself.

A week after North Korea's July 4 missile barrage, a barely noticed follow-up tantrum by Kim's visiting envoys shook South Korea to its core. True to its criminal form, the general's delegation wined and dined in Pusan on a ministerial-level date, slapped around their southern suitors, and demanded that they pay up protection money. As a token of appreciation for the magnanimous protection, the general's gang further demanded that their southern protectorate suspend joint military exercises with the United States, abolish its anti-Communist national security law, and make sure to pay respects on their next visit to Pyongyang at the "sacred site" where the Great Leader, the general's late father, reposes embalmed.

When the southern hosts, somewhat stunned, demurred, their northern guests stormed out of the room cursing that South Korea will "pay a price" for the "collapse" of the relationship, and that an "unforeseeable" future now lies ominously before them.

In the days following the seven-rocket salute, the South Korean president, clearly dumbfounded by the general's forwardness, began to point a finger at Japan and the United States for heightening tensions. As for the missiles themselves, the Roh government called them a "mere political gesture." When the media pointed out that all seven missiles had the range to reach any part of South Korea, a high-ranking politician from Roh's party retorted that the missiles were defensive in nature, and even if fired in a southerly direction would only be used to target U.S. forces in Korea. This came after days of insistence by the South Korean government, leading up to the blasts, that the North was planning only a harmless satellite launch.

While the United States, Japan, China, Russia, Britain, and France were brainstorming to come up with the right wording for a rebuke of Pyongyang, President Roh was busy complaining to aides about the U.S. policy of squeezing the North, which he described with an ancient Chinese expression, "strike first, settle later." Roh explained to his less erudite men that an example of such American impetuosity would be the U.S. insistence on "examining North Korea's

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accounts, without presenting any evidence of that regime's counterfeiting of U.S. dollars." The inference to be drawn by his aides was that Washington was unjustly bullying the general in Pyongyang for harmlessly playing with his missiles. After the Security Council condemned the North on July 15, Roh pleaded for patience: "We must take special note that the creation of a state of needless tension and confrontation by the excessive reaction of certain parties is not conducive to problem-solving."

After such an astonishing performance from Seoul, how should the Bush administration respond to its wayward ally?

One approach would be to treat the unwelcome noises from Seoul as Washington does those emanating from Pyongyang: Ignore them. Forbearance will be rewarded, perhaps in a generation or two. Historians will note that for five years George W. Bush patiently put up with a most unhelpful ally in Roh Moo Hyun's South Korea during a critical period of America's war on terror and campaign against the proliferation of nuclear weapons. No matter what, future generations of Koreans—those who value freedom and democracy—will remain grateful to Bush for what he will have achieved during his eight years in office: containing Kim Jong Il's threat to Koreans in both the North and the South and, perhaps more important, reining in Seoul's unprincipled appeasement of Kim.

Yet there is a better way. President Bush can salvage the once-healthy U.S.-South Korea relationship by engaging the *people* of South and North Korea. Koreans will come to regard him as they do Harry Truman—as their savior. Just as President Truman saved South Korea in June 1950 by coming to its defense against North Korea's invasion, President Bush should open America's doors more widely to North Korean refugees, thereby saving lives and awakening the South Korean people to the crimes of the Kim Jong Il regime.

On May 5, the United States welcomed ordinary North Korean refugees for resettlement for the first time. It was a major symbolic step in the growing global campaign to raise awareness of the abuses of the totalitarian regime in Pyongyang. It was an act of compassion, courage, and leadership, as it was undertaken despite considerable grumbling from sophisticates in the United States and South Korea. It was, in the simplest sense, an act that could not have taken place had the president of the United States himself not felt compassion for the suffering of the North Korean people.

Coming out of an April 28 Oval Office meeting with North Korean refugees and the family of a Japanese woman abducted by North Korea when she was 13, President Bush said, "I have just had one of the most moving meetings since I've been the president." The previous June, President Bush had invited to the White House Kang Chol Hwan, the survivor of 10 years in a North Korean concentration camp for political prisoners. In contrast, to public knowledge, President Roh has not yet met a single North Korean refugee, although over 8,000 refugees have made their way into South Korea.

In the aftermath of U.N. Security Council Resolution 1695, the United States will no doubt continue to press South Korea to join the multinational effort to prevent the transit of weapons of mass destruction into and out of the North. South Korea's cooperation will be sought in the ongoing measures against North Korea's money-laundering and counterfeiting. The United States will insist that Seoul keep a watchful eye on transfers of hard currency into the North, which may be used to finance the building and buying of weapons of mass destruction. And Washington will continue to lean on South Korea to stand with global public opinion on North Korea's human rights violations.

However, all indications are that such exhortations will fall on deaf ears. President Roh seems to believe that the only way to salvage his floundering presidency, with an approval rating hovering in the mid-teens, is through a dramatic summit embrace with Kim Jong Il sometime before his term expires in February 2008.

At the next meeting between Bush and Roh, whether in Washington or at the Asia-Pacific Economic Cooperation (APEC) meeting in Vietnam in November, President Bush would do well to insist on making the North Korean human rights problem a priority. During Roh's visit to the White House, Bush might even invite a few North Korean refugees so that President Roh will finally have a chance to meet them. By continuing to make Kim Jong Il's systematic repression a high-profile international issue, President Bush would reaffirm to the world and to the Korean people his commitment to address one of the most egregious humanitarian disasters in history. Allowing more North Korean refugees into the United States would be eloquent in its symbolism.

Just as the United States, with Japan's support, took the initiative in galvanizing world opinion on the question of North Korea's missiles, so, too, should the United States take the leadership role in uniting the international community in condemning North Korea's heartless tyranny. President Roh, pining for a meeting with Kim Jong Il during the next year and a half of his term, will protest. But the people of North and South Korea will listen.

With more international attention to the North Korean human rights problem, and with further reports of what the United States is doing for North Korean refugees, South Korea might finally free itself of its insidious infatuation with the general. And George W. Bush will be remembered with gratitude by generations of Koreans for his concern for the people of both the North and South. That's a legacy that would make any American president proud. ♦



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# ¡Hola, Delaware!

## *How Guatemalan immigrants changed a small American town*

**By Christopher Caldwell**

*Georgetown, Delaware*

"*Cristo viene*," reads a bumper sticker on a beat-up old Econoline van parked in front of the police station here. *"¿Estás preparado?"* The van has North Carolina license plates, even though its owner lives down the street. Many of the other cars parked in the ramshackle nineteenth-century neighborhood called Kimmeytown have North Carolina or Pennsylvania plates. Shortly after 9/11, Delaware governor Ruth Ann Minner blocked the issuance of tags to people who couldn't prove their citizenship with a Social Security card. North Carolina and Pennsylvania ask fewer questions. That is a big plus here. Kimmeytown is inhabited almost entirely by Guatemalan immigrants who, around 1993, suddenly started showing up in their thousands.

Half a block away is a two-story house where someone put up pillars a few decades back to make it look more like Tara. Now there's a sprung sofa on the front porch and—a desideratum of Guatemalan-American houses—garlands of Christmas lights dangling from the roof. The whole building is leaning rhomboidally. Houses take a beating here. In the past decade the local papers have been full of stories of illegal immigrants living a-family-to-a-room or three-dozen-to-a-basement.

Inside the station, the crew-cut police chief William Topping sits amidst a flag, his military decorations, a mounted pistol of some kind, and a gigantic box of Advil within arm's reach. "We have people who die and can't get death certificates because we have no birth certificates," he says. "We get calls from all over the country from people saying: 'I've never worked at a chicken plant and I've never been to Delaware, and the IRS tells me I owe taxes for working there.'"

Delaware's reported immigrant population has nearly doubled since 2000—to 67,000—and 9 percent of births in the state are to illegal immigrant mothers. There are around 3,000 Chinese in the northern part of the state, most of them students or high-tech workers around Wilmington and Philadelphia. There are mosques up there, too. There are a handful of Haitians in some agricultural towns. Pretty Czech and Polish girls dominate the cash-register and waitressing jobs in the coastal resorts from about May to September. That, of course, is small potatoes compared with the past two decades' mass migration elsewhere in the country. But it has been sufficient to bring about an unprecedented transformation of many towns in the bucolic and historically poor south of the state.

### Suddenly a minority

Sussex is the southernmost of Delaware's three counties. Almost everyone who has studied it thinks it resembles an outpost of the Bible Belt or the Deep South that has somehow come loose and attached itself to the mid-Atlantic. "The northernmost county of Mississippi," some *New Yorker* writer is said to have written years ago. A long coal train chugs through the middle of Georgetown on the way to the electrical plant at Dagsboro. At Smith's Family Restaurant on Market Street, there are tables full of potbellied, 60-ish men in plaid shirts and suspenders and hunting caps and jeans. There are small-town notables—mostly lawyers, for this is the county seat—in tight, two-piece suits, who can't seem to keep their hands off the backs of the people they're talking to. And there is a woman at the front door who says, "Have a blesséd evening" when you tell her how good the chicken with dumplings was.

Delaware voted for Breckenridge in the election of 1860, and its sympathies in the Civil War were uncertain. In New Castle County, near Wilmington, they leaned

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Weekly Standard / Lev Nisnevitch

*Georgetown, Delaware: the old courthouse*

Weekly Standard / Lev Nisnevitch

*The town is now more than half Latin American.*

Union. Down here, Confederate sympathies (and enlistment) increased throughout the war. There is a historic whipping post in Georgetown, though accounts diverge on when the authorities stopped using it. The WPA guide, published at the tail end of the Depression, insists it was still in use in 1938. Desegregation was slow—Georgetown's William C. Jason High School, the Negro high school for the county, closed only in 1967.

One difference between Sussex County and the Deep South is that the white population of Sussex County is much less diverse. Virtually all the white people here are English, Welsh, or Scots-Irish—and Methodist, for this is the cradle of American Methodism, with the denomination's very oldest churches. You seldom meet a person whose surname isn't also the name of a nearby street. From the eighteenth century until the mid-twentieth-century leisure boom that turned nearby Rehoboth and Bethany from Methodist prayer camps into summer resorts, Georgetown's experience with immigration—even of migration from elsewhere in the United States—was next to nil.

After the Civil War, the C.H. Treat Co. opened a wooden-plate factory and brought in employees to run it. Kimmeytown was built to house them. They were white, English-speaking Protestants from further north, and still they got the cold shoulder. According to the historian William H. Williams, Wesley United Methodist Church took them in as worshipers, but refused to give them any positions of responsibility. So they built Grace UMC, the rival church that exists in Kimmeytown to this day. During World War II, a smattering of Jewish entrepreneurs from New York set up chicken operations in this part of the Delmarva Peninsula, according to Williams. There were a few dozen Bahamians and Jamaicans brought in to farm land for men away at war. They soon went home.

In the past decade, the Anglo-Saxon Methodists have not just encountered immigration—they have suddenly become a minority. Georgetown had 4,896 people in the 2000 census, 32 percent of whom described themselves as Hispanic. It is hard to find an official in Georgetown who believes that percentage was accurate even at the time it was compiled. Conservative estimates of the town's Latin American population put it at 3,000. Other guesses run over 5,000, higher than the official population of the town. That might not be far off, to judge from the outlying concentrations of Guatemalans and Mexicans—like the chock-a-block County Seat trailer park, hidden in a forest northeast of town, where mobile homes of 1950s and 1960s vintage are festooned with Christmas lights as if this were Central America.

The majority of Delaware Guatemalans come from near Tacaná, in San Marcos province. Most can use Spanish as a second language but speak an Indian language—usually Mam—at home. They are leaving their mark. On Race Street, there is a place called Central Service where you can do laundry, get guanábana juice, wire money, cash checks, and watch the World Cup. There are a number of Latin American grocery stores, including the big Mercado, which sells Mexican CDs, coconut water, and big plastic bags of pork scratchings. Outside is a cart where a man sells grilled corn-on-the-cob. Many once-sleepy towns on the Delmarva peninsula—particularly those, such as Millsboro, Selbyville, and Seaford, that have chicken plants—are taking on a Central American cast, with money-wiring services, young men in cowboy boots, girls decked out in elaborate dresses for *quinceañera* parties, and soccer games in vacant lots.

You probably can't expect everyone to love that. There are communities in Delaware that have come down on immigration like a ton of bricks. Over the past two years, the town of Elsmere, near Wilmington, has sought to pass



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MCT / NewsCom / Scott S. Hamrick

*Poultry processing jobs start at close to $10 per hour.*

Weekly Standard / Lev Nisnevitch

*Mayor Mike Wyatt*

a variety of controversial (and legally questionable) ordinances. One would have imposed $100 fines on those who couldn't prove legal U.S. residence within 72 hours, another would have banned on-street parking for those with out-of-state plates. And there have been various edicts affecting landlords, including $1,000 fines for those who rent to illegal aliens, and requirements that all landlords give local authorities a list of the vehicle registrations of their tenants.

This approach may have been tempting in Georgetown. Workers have sometimes crowded into rooms to the point where they were sleeping in shifts. A worker who came back from his night shift job at 2 A.M. and found his bed occupied would wander the streets of town alone to kill time until his bed freed up. This kind of normal Latin American behavior scared the dickens out of the locals. In 1993, an immigrant who had been out drinking drove his car across a median strip and hit a popular high-school cheerleader, killing her instantly and sparking tensions. Bob Ricker, a longtime fire chief and former mayor, infuriated immigrants when he said: "It is their job to bring themselves up to our level, not bring our society down to theirs." A Latino congregation hoping to worship at a local Methodist church while they built a church of their own got a lukewarm reception. Worries were expressed about the "spread of disease" from too close contact with immigrants, according to one parishioner. At a church meeting to clear the air, a local custodian stood up and shouted, "You're going to regret bringing these people in here!" There was bitter resentment of the local chicken companies, whose need for labor, it was said, had changed the town beyond recognition.

Sitting at a desk in a tiny cabin at the front of the used-car lot he runs, Mike Wyatt, the mayor of Georgetown, says the town really didn't have any idea what was happening to it until it had become a different place altogether. "The demographics started changing in the early 1990s," he recalls, "but people didn't wake up to it until about 1997. Back then, everybody hated them. Today, I would say that 85 percent understand them."

"When they arrived, they were the sorriest looking people you ever saw in your life," says Carlton Moore, a real estate developer who works on projects in Kimmeytown. "But they were always willing to work."

## Birds of passage

Local farms are heavily manned by immigrant labor, most of it seasonal. The first Latinos recruited to Delaware may have been Mexicans hired at the border in the late 1980s under H2B visas, by the now-defunct Draper King Cole canning company and others. But it is the chicken-processing industry that people think of when they think of Delaware Hispanics. The processing of poultry is the objective correlative of those "jobs Americans won't do" that we hear so much about whenever illegal immigration is discussed. According to the U.S. Department of Agriculture, the percentage of meat-processing workers who are Latino increased from under 10 percent to almost 30 percent in the last two decades of the twentieth century. It is very easy to see how the chicken industry around Georgetown became, by industry estimates, 85 percent Hispanic.

There are two big chicken-processing companies headquartered in Delaware: Mountaire (in Selbyville) and Allen (in Seaford). Perdue, which has its main office just across the state line in Salisbury, Maryland, and Arkansas-based Tyson's also have large-scale operations here. Contrary to popular caricature, this is not the chicken capital of the country—Delaware ranks only seventh in broiler production, according to the National Chicken Council. But it



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was here that the "broiler industry"—a broiler is a young chicken bred for eating, not laying—developed before the Second World War. And Delmarva *is* probably the place where the rest of the local economy is most interlinked with, and dependent on, chicken. Delaware has gone in recent decades from an agricultural economy based on truck farming to one based on two crops: feed corn and soy. These are ancillary to the local chicken industry. Since the soil on the peninsula is good but not great, Delaware soy and corn are not price-competitive against those grown elsewhere in the United States. They can be grown for a profit only because they can reach one particular consumer—the chicken processors—at next to no transportation cost. As the broiler goes, so goes the entire economy of the southern inland of the state.

Every day, at the Perdue plant a quarter-mile east of Kimmeytown, almost 100 container trucks full of birds are turned into Oven Stuffer Roasters. There are three shifts. One runs from 5 in the morning until early afternoon, another starts then and runs till around 9:30 at night (the length of the shift varies according to the size of the "kill"), at which point the sanitation shift comes in and scrubs the plant down until morning.

Why is there such a desperate need for foreigners to do this work? It is not that workforces have grown. True, since 1960, the consumption of broilers has roughly quadrupled (while the consumption of both beef and pork has fallen slightly). But this spike in demand has been met by mechanization. At 6,000-7,000, the number of food production workers in this part of Delmarva is probably slightly lower than it used to be.

At most chicken plants, there is still a lot of manual work. There are groups of eight or ten men in chain-mail aprons removing breasts with super-sharp knives. For roasting chickens, there is a guy who pumps plastic thermometers into the birds with a thermometer gun (an innovation of the last five years); vacuum-packed whole birds still have their leg joints cracked and folded by hand. But what present-day chicken workers mostly do is back up machines, catching the 2 percent to 3 percent of birds that the vacuums and cleansers and rotating blades don't do a thorough job on. Thus, at a modern plant, you can now run 105 birds a minute on two evisceration lines using eight or ten people. In 1980, to manage 70 birds a minute, you would have needed 35 to 40. "We used to have a whole army out there," says one manager who has worked in Delaware poultry for decades.

With a lot of slippery floors and fast-moving knives, it can be dangerous work—but it is not particularly dangerous by manufacturing standards. All the Delmarva poultry companies routinely rack up millions of consecutive hours without a workplace accident, and hold company picnics and parties to celebrate when they do. Workers are constantly shifted between different tasks to reduce muscle strain and the kind of boredom that can cause mishaps. Nor are workers ripped off. At Perdue, for example, the hourly pay starts at $9.70, rising to $10.20 for a "line leader." Benefits vary from company to company, but Perdue contributes to 401(k) programs for its workers and offers ten-dollar doctor's visits for all employees who request them.

But in general, chicken processing is tough work. Parts of any plant are unpleasantly hot, like the gate where the new birds come in to be hung by the legs from shackles, stunned in an electrical bath, and decapitated. Other parts are unpleasantly cold, like the dank and rather Gothic-looking cooling room, where it is always 36° and workers run through billows of steam in their turtlenecks and down vests. It is loud with the banging of carcasses on metal as they're dropped into the chill vat, and it's wet with the constant washing and sluicing that is going on.

The problem for poultry processors has been retention. Today, the companies have 3 percent monthly turnover in their workforce. This is a sea change. Two decades ago, a plant would lose 10 to 15 percent of its workers per month—that is, at any given moment, most of the workers in a plant would have been hired in the past four or five months. This is how immigrants wound up dominating the poultry industry. It is not that corporations sought to unload their local workers wholesale and replace them with cheaper and harder-working ones. It is that every time a local worker quit, he was replaced by a Guatemalan who didn't, and the job changed from a stopgap into the lifeline for a family.

Complicating this adjustment is that Delaware is not just a land of old industries. The general trajectory of immigrants in Delaware is from the industrial economy, which does not require English, into the service economy (mostly landscaping, construction, and restaurant work), which does. The service industries are highly developed on the coast, just ten miles away. There, a boom in real estate, retail, and restaurants is changing life in Sussex County more than immigration. The median age in most states, including Delaware, is 36 or 37. In Sussex County, it is creeping towards the mid-40s. New development, the tendency of people to retire to summer houses, youth flight, and a state tax code with a generous "pension exclusion" are all turning Sussex into what real-estate agents refer to as a NORC, a "naturally occurring retirement community."

In such places, it is easy to understate the demand for immigration by mixing up "workforce participation" and "employment." Why, many people ask, does southern Delaware need immigrants when its unemployment rate is


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Weekly Standard / Lev Nisnevitch

*Sister Margaret of La Casita, a social service agency*

Weekly Standard / Lev Nisnevitch

*Kevin Andrade of WGMD*

in low single digits? The answer is that even in communities made up disproportionately of retirees, there's still work to be done. In Rehoboth and Fenwick, the retirees are not "unemployed," but they're not paving the roads they drive on or cutting their own grass, either.

The juxtaposition of these two economies has created the single largest problem faced by immigrants and by Georgetown. It has made moderate-income housing unprofitable. In the center of Georgetown, crowding persists, even as townhouse developments and suburban subdivisions and "active adult" communities for the 55-and-older set spring up on its outskirts. When the decade began, no house in Georgetown had ever sold for more than $200,000; today there is a development just east of town where the prices *start* in the high $200s. According to Lucia Campos of NCALL, a nonprofit that gives financial advice to the working poor, the going rate to rent a so-so house in Georgetown is $1,200 a month. So when $9.70 an hour is also supporting a family and relatives back home in Guatemala, it is not surprising that families double and triple up. There ought to be opportunities to build and renovate for this market. But immigrants had the bad fortune to arrive in Georgetown at exactly the moment when the retirement of the Baby Boomers was transforming Georgetown from a "hick town" into a "destination . . . *just minutes from the beach!*"

## Identity crisis

Kevin Andrade, an Ecuadoran journalist who broadcasts in Spanish three hours a week on local radio station WGMD, says he has heard that 50 percent of immigrants eligible for renewal of their "temporary protected status"—which allows them to stay in the United States if their home country has been hit by a natural disaster, such as Hurricane Mitch in 1998—don't exercise it. Many immigrants have developed the conviction, he says, that if Congress should offer amnesty to illegal immigrants, those who are legal will not be permitted to stay. Apparently, they are used to life-or-death questions with ironic answers. On a 100-degree Sunday afternoon from a radio studio in the middle of a cornfield, Andrade pleads with his listeners, "If you have the opportunity to renew, don't wait for tomorrow! Having your documents in order is the most important thing of all." That, at least, is something that everyone in Delaware can agree on. Dan Gaffney, the programming director at the station, is on the air himself for 20 hours a week. His conversations vary, but his callers insist on one thing: "They're adamant," he says, "about this legal-illegal status thing." That is, they care a lot, rhetorically at least, about whether an immigrant came into the country with a visa or sneaked across the border.

So does Jan Ting, a law professor at Temple University. Ting has the Republican endorsement to run for the Senate against incumbent Democrat Tom Carper in November. He was an assistant commissioner of the INS under "Bush 41," as he calls him, and is campaigning on immigration as his "number-one issue." That his own parents were immigrants—his father, a refugee from Japanese-occupied China, fought for the United States in World War II—does nothing to reduce his sympathy for Delawareans who are riled up about newcomers' paperwork. "People *should* be riled up," he said during a campaign swing through Sussex County. "The [Wilmington] *News-Journal* doesn't print the race of perpetrators. So you *know* they won't print immigrant status."

Ting feels that Americans were sold a bill of goods with the 1986 "Simpson-Mazzoli" immigration reform, which extended amnesty to workers in exchange for heightened enforcement of immigration laws. He doesn't want it to happen again. It was predicted that a million immigrants



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would gain amnesty; 3 million did. The enforcement never happened. Ting sees today's Senate bill, which offers a path to citizenship to those here, as similarly naive. He cites a Bear Stearns study arguing that there are 20 million illegal immigrants in the United States now, rather than the 12 million usually reported. The worst problem with the Simpson-Mazzoli approach, Ting believes, is that all it required employers to do when hiring an employee was to look at a document on its face, rather than verify it. "It has provoked a huge industry in counterfeit documents," he says.

Ting is quite right. The 1986 law has given companies that hire immigrants what amounts to plausible deniability, should they happen to hire an illegal one—or should they happen to hire illegals systematically. It is not a coincidence that Phoenix, the first stop on many immigrants' journeys into the United States, also ranks first in identity theft. Ting suggests an electronic verification system such as is used when you buy something with a credit card. "Does that work," he asks, sitting in a coffee shop in Lewes, "or does that not work?"

It does work. But there already is such a system, the INS's Employer Verification Pilot (EVP). Many area companies, including Perdue, already use it for every employee hired. Fraudulent papers are grounds for dismissal. But civil rights laws make it hard to challenge a new hire's documents. Courts have assumed that the only reason one would want to be so intrusive is that the worker in question has brown skin or talks funny.

Phony numbers and identities, once established as untraceable, can be used for years, and even recycled from immigrant to immigrant. In the late 1990s, the *Washington Post* ran a number of News-of-the-Weird-style stories about Delaware immigrants whose assumed identities had tied them in knots—the man whose identity came with alimony payments from a previous user, for instance, and who kept making the payments to a woman he'd never met because the ability to work was worth more to him than the monthly deductions. It is easy, too, to imagine the Damoclean menace that a long-ago decision to fudge one's identity would cause. Phony statements tend to beget phony statements. There must be many a long-established paterfamilias waiting—like Bulstrode in *Middlemarch* or Henchard in *The Mayor of Casterbridge*—for a long-ago misdeed to catch up with him.

Crime among Georgetown immigrants that does *not* involve their legal status is low. There is a serious problem with illegal driving. And there is rampant, self-destructive, lie-down-in-the-middle-of-the-street alcoholic binging, of a sort that will not exactly surprise anyone who has visited rural Guatemala. But there appears to be none of the gang activity that some immigrant groups in bigger cities fall into. This spring, one local police officer told WBOC in Salisbury that there had been activity by the Salvadoran gang MS-13 in the area. Police Chief Topping disputes that. "These people's main relationship with crime," he says, "is as victims of it."

Immigrants are victimized in subtle ways. Those who get hired with a fake Social Security number (and get accused of "ripping off the system" on right-wing talk radio) are paying money into FICA and Social Security that they will never see. They are also victims of more overt robberies. Many workers are afraid or unable to use banks. They walk around with their life savings in their pocket—great wads of many thousands of dollars. Those who live among nonfamily members often padlock themselves in their rooms. And since, in these dried-out buildings, solitary men tend stupidly to put four or five appliances on a single extension cord—cooker, television, space heater, mini-fridge, lamp—fires are frequent, and sometimes fatal. Workers add to their bankrolls at the end of every week when the check-cashing vehicle pulls into the parking lot of the chicken plant. The money is with them when they go into the liquor store with friends. It's with them when they wander into the woods behind the First State Community Action building. And it's with them when they fall down drunk. But it's not always there when they wake up.

## Not left behind

Given their vulnerability, their high levels of illiteracy, and the language barrier, one naturally expects the children of these immigrants to be struggling a bit. They are not. They are doing extremely—almost shockingly—well. Latinos make up 40 percent of the student population at Georgetown North elementary school, and that percentage is steadily rising. They will make up 55 percent of the first graders who arrive on the first day of school next month. Thanks to No Child Left Behind laws, there is a bevy of data broken down all sorts of ways on school progress. Hispanics in the third grade at Georgetown North are outscoring both whites and blacks in reading comprehension.

This should not surprise us as much as it probably does. Obsessed as we are with upward social mobility, Americans harbor a sneaking assumption that only educated parents can have educated children. Learning, the thinking goes, is a matter of playing Mozart in pregnancy and keeping the Classic Children's Books strewn tastefully about the bedroom. This is quite wrong. You don't learn by aping the learned classes—you learn by taking the work of learning seriously. Latino children come to school as ready to work as their parents do at the plant. Asked if Latino parents did anything differently, James Hudson,


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Weekly Standard / Lev Nisnevitch

*Now comes cerveza time: end of the shift at a poultry plant*

Weekly Standard / Lev Nisnevitch

*El Mercado, one of the many Latin grocery stores*

the principal at North Georgetown, says, "The first question parents ask at parent-teacher conferences is not 'How are my child's grades?' but 'How is my child's behavior?'"

There may also be a political factor behind young Latino students' success. In the early decades of mass immigration—say from the seventies through the nineties—a lot of the ideas about what makes a new community successful were simply borrowed from the utopian left of the civil rights movement. One great advantage of the Delaware immigration, it turns out, is that it happened after a lot of baseless nostrums of the caring professions were discredited. Institutions were built up in the more pragmatic spirit of Gingrich Republicanism, without any immigrants'-rights establishment protecting its entrenched programs and its turf.

Asked about bilingual education, Hudson gives a look as if he's never heard the term before. "The key is that all kids have access to the regular curriculum," he says. "You don't want to isolate them from what the other kids are learning." North Georgetown has three English-Language Learner teachers. One of them, Meg Lawson, says that her immigrant students are possessed of a great curiosity. "They like the nonfiction more than the fiction. That surprised me." Her second-graders last year particularly liked learning about hibernation and migration. What about teaching them about their culture? "I try to do different books that aren't about their own culture," she says. "They know their own culture. Some tests try to use more names like José or Juan. I don't think that makes a difference."

In rural areas, school systems are doubly important, because some of the work of assimilation that cities do automatically doesn't get done there. An urban immigrant has to know enough English to buy a subway token. A rural immigrant can disappear into a subculture as isolated as that of the Amish. Such subcultures can be picturesque and upstanding, but it is probably a mistake to encourage them when the influx of immigrants is as large as it is today.

## Who are those five thousand people?

Until this past winter, immigrants in Delaware were decidedly apolitical. Unions have had some success at organizing chicken-catchers (the people who grab the chickens to be sent to slaughter), but none of the processing-plant workers are unionized. Immigrant communities across the country had been boiling for weeks over House Bill 4437—the tough immigrant-enforcement measure sponsored by Wisconsin congressman James Sensenbrenner—before anyone in Georgetown had ever heard of it.

The decision to stage a rally in downtown Georgetown in support of nationwide demonstrations on February 14 seems to have been made on February 12 or 13, by several local leaders. Pastor René Knight of Iglesia Metodista Unida Betel had been in touch with two groups—the National Council of La Raza and Day Without an Immigrant/Philadelphia. Knight, a big, charismatic man from the Dominican Republic, has traveled to Guatemala, as have many Protestant evangelists in recent decades. He estimates that 45 percent of Guatemalans, not just in the United States but in their home country, are evangelical Christians of some description. "Real religion is social religion," Knight said in an interview in July. "As a pastor I have a call to be in the community. How am I to preach the Good News of Jesus closed in a building?"

That was the beginning of a season of protest in Georgetown, which brought tensions with immigrants to their highest point since the mid-1990s. Much of the organizing was done by churches. On March 7, a local Catholic priest from Colombia, with the help of Mexicans without



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Borders and the Hispanic Coalition of Delaware, took five busloads of South Delaware Latinos to Washington for a protest. On April 10, many of the same groups joined in the National Day of Action for Immigration Justice.

The Day Without an Immigrant held on May 1 was supposed to mark an escalation of protest nationwide, with calls on immigrants not only to stay home from work but also to refrain from spending money. It was an impressive event in Georgetown, with thousands massing in a park off of Bedford Street, but less confrontational than in other parts of the country. Loose talk about punishing local businesses is stupid politics in a small town. "We told our constituents that we were not joining that," says René Diaz, a Puerto Rican schoolteacher from nearby Bridgeville, and one of the more active organizers with Mexicans without Borders, "because it wouldn't be right, given the cooperation we'd received." It isn't too wise, either, to alienate an area's largest employer—in this case, the chicken plants—and this led to another local variation. "We never sprang a march on them," Diaz says. "The people in Human Resources were told well in advance. One thing we always said clearly: 'The chicken plants are cooperating. If you're in danger of losing a job, don't march.'"

These marches and demonstrations divided community leaders. Some favored the activism as a show of force: Here was one industry, after all, where the vast majority of workers were immigrants, and the dependence of employers was abject. On May 1, four of the five poultry-processing plants in the county closed. By assembling what Mayor Wyatt calls "two, three, four thousand people" in a town the size of Georgetown, the Latinos showed themselves not just a force in the community, but a majority.

They may have proved their point too well. "It was stupid," says one community leader who asked not to be identified. "Why hurt the very people who *want* to have you here?" Commercial leaders and personnel directors from the poultry industry coordinated with march leaders to minimize disruptions, just as Diaz said. That left the poultry execs in an awkward position. *All right*, many people muttered, *if all your workers are legal, then who are those five thousand people out on the circle?*

There is another curiosity about the protests in Georgetown. One constantly meets leaders of the Hispanic community in South Delaware who are Puerto Rican, Spanish, Colombian, Dominican, Ecuadoran, Mexican . . . but never any Guatemalans from Kimmeytown. Why is that? Most people, when you ask, will say something about the legacy of Guatemala's civil war, and lessons learned in a place where the slightest political involvement can be deadly. But René Knight thinks the incentives to keep one's head down come from closer to home. "Their status does not allow them to speak out," he says, explaining that his own ability to take a high public profile is due to his U.S. citizenship. Kevin Andrade, the radio host, offered a different explanation, which, if true, would show how profoundly Guatemalans have assimilated into the life of the most Confederate part of Delaware and one of the most conservative parts of the United States. "People in this area hate politicians, anyway," he said.

## The price of purity

"I'm a great Limbaugh fan," says the realtor Carlton Moore, trying in a very Sussex County way to temper the lèse-majesté that will follow, "but he's dead wrong saying we don't need 'em. We *do* need 'em. Saying that if chicken plants paid $20 an hour Americans would do the work . . . it's not that simple. I think sending them back would tear the economy apart." Mayor Wyatt agrees: "That's not gonna work."

Still, there is a can't-live-with-'em, can't-live-without-'em ambiguity about the way this immigration is transpiring that immigrants are the first to admit. "I understand why U.S. citizens feel terrible," says Andrade. "Everybody needs to stay under the law. The biggest problem is the border. It needs to be controlled. If you don't know who is living in your neighborhood, how tranquil can you be about your kids?"

And yet, as Friedrich von Hayek showed, markets work through millions of informal, word-of-mouth channels. Once we strip the problem down to its economic essentials, "getting serious about illegal immigration" means replacing a free system with one in which regulators determine how many immigrants America needs and gets. Of course, economic essentials are not everything. A country is a culture too, and a wide open labor market can break a culture's cohesion. Laws may need to be passed, and bureaucrats empowered, to protect it.

We should be aware of what we're doing, though. If the border is controlled—and if the book is thrown at all those Mam-speaking chicken workers with their phony IDs and their alcoholic binges and their unusually hard-working children—there will be a price to pay. There is not a demand in Georgetown for a certain quota of different-looking poor people. There is a demand for people from Tacaná who have two decades' experience in the peculiar Delaware economy of chicken, soybeans, and retirement homes, and two decades of ties to the community out of which that economy grows. It is not, in fact, certain that the economy of Sussex County could survive without them, for Delawareans have gotten too old and too rich to maintain it on their own. Those who maintain it for them are a conservative force, made necessary because, as Giuseppe di Lampedusa wrote in *The Leopard*, "If we want everything to stay the same, everything must change." ♦


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Corbis / EPA / Lydie

The Louvre, 2005

# Paint by Numbers

## *The virtues and defects of funding for the arts*

BY LYNNE MUNSON

Arts funding is a murky subject. While our ears are bombarded with cries of starvation from operas, symphonies, museums, and the like, our eyes gaze upon clear signs that art institutions are thriving. Almost every American city with a museum has seen it expand in recent years. New York's newly redesigned and massively enlarged Museum of Modern Art now charges $20 for admission—hardly the behavior of an underappreciated institution.

The fact is that American arts institutions are the richest in the world. And private sector contributions have always been their lifeblood, with $14 billion in donations in 2004, up for the seventh straight year. Explaining how our government helped that to come about, and how the European approach differs, are the chief contributions of *Good and Plenty*.

**Good and Plenty**
*The Creative Successes of American Arts Funding*
by Tyler Cowen
Princeton, 206 pp., $27.95

Tyler Cowen is an economist who likes art—and possesses an impressive level of knowledge of some art forms. He lauds My Bloody Valentine and ably discusses the influences on Sonic Youth and Kraftwerk, all bands endorsed by rock connoisseurs but rarely familiar to members of Cowen's generation. So our first reaction is to trust his judgment, on matters of economics, and on art as well.

When you think of government support for the arts, it is the direct subsidies that first come to mind: the National Endowment for the Arts, military bands, the old Works Progress Administration programs, even the USO. But the sum total of these benefits pale in comparison with the amount of support the arts receive from government indirectly, largely because of tax policies.

Cowen reports that, because of tax deductions alone, the U.S. government loses between $26 billion and $41 billion in tax income each year to support the arts. Deductible donations of cash and art are just the beginning. Time that volunteers donate at art institutions is tax-free, and imported artwork is exempt from duties. The fact that tax laws require foundations to spend

*Lynne Munson, former deputy chairman of the National Endowment for the Humanities, is the author of* Exhibitionism: Art in an Era of Intolerance.



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at least 5 percent of their income annually draws money out of foundation coffers and into nonprofits, including arts institutions. Cowen considers the reduced postal rates that government offers for the mailing of books, newspapers, and magazines to be an arts subsidy.

He has, indeed, looked at government's giving to the arts from all angles, and even sees subsidies in places where others might see only the normal machinations of government.

For example, Cowen categorizes Washington's 19th-century investment in railroad construction as support for the arts. "The railroads proved of central importance to touring musicians, theater companies, vaudeville, and other mobile forms of culture and entertainment," he argues. He makes a similar case for the assistance the government gave to the development of airplanes "during the formative years of flight."

Sure, airline deregulation in the 1970s made flying cheaper, enabling more people to move about, whether they were visiting relatives or attending an opera. But can we draw many truly useful connections to the arts from such generalizations?

It is when Cowen finds the need to include mention of water subsidies allowing for the settlement of California, and the subsequent "greater geographic diversity in American creativity," that the economist's libertarian devotion to seeing subsidy under every rock clearly appears to be leading him to overstate his case.

On the next page we learn that the tax-free status churches enjoy is an indirect arts subsidy. So is "the very existence of government jobs," since Nathaniel Hawthorne and Walt Whitman worked for the national government while writing. Cowen further points out that "many notable literary works have been written in enforced confinement," and goes so far as to include Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn on a list of jailhouse authors whose work was enabled by government subsidy. He makes the same case for patients in state-run mental hospitals.

This is when you begin to realize that the arguments in *Good and Plenty* follow a pattern. Cowen's point that the government has played a substantial, though largely indirect, role in the development of American arts funding is entirely valid. But in the process of unfurling this and other arguments, his dedication to celebrating the purest form of private sector giving ends up driving his fundamentally sound thinking to odd, and occasionally unsupportable, conclusions.

For example, Cowen's argument about the superiority of the American versus European system of supporting art institutions is correct. He explains that "a German, French, or Italian theater, museum, or orchestra will receive 80 percent or more of its budget directly from the government." In most Western European nations, the tax rules for deducting private donations are so restrictive that no culture for such support exists. Whereas in the United States, art institutions receive just around 10 percent of their budget from the government, and cover the rest of their costs with support from individuals, corporations, and private foundations.

The benefits of the American over the European approaches are real. Here is a recent headline in *Art Newspaper*: "U.S. museums trounce European institutions." It reports that, with European governments cutting cultural budgets, French and British museums can no longer compete with their American counterparts for acquisitions. Vicente Todoli, director of the Tate Modern in London, explains: "In Europe we receive very few donations compared with the U.S. Museums cannot compete with private collectors. This is now a central concern for museums."

So Cowen is right: The American system yields a larger amount of support than the European system, providing our institutions more funds to better serve the public. It's Cowen's next extrapolation that doesn't comport with reality. He argues that the sheer quantity and diversity of support for the arts guarantees high artistic quality. When he talks about "the preconditions of quality of art," he names just one: "Diverse sources of financial support."

But few critical observers would agree that contemporary American art has put its best work forward in recent decades, when our artists and art institutions have enjoyed more riches than at any other time in history. Contemporary American artmaking has been monopolized for nearly a half-century by postmodernism, a politics-obsessed formulaic approach that has yielded such shock-art masterpieces as Andres Serrano's *Piss Christ* (which finds itself in numerous museum collections). Artists who do not work in the postmodern mode are excluded from museum exhibitions and the best galleries.

Of course, no better can be said of the products of the European art world, whose denizens have, at best, striven to vie with their postmodern American counterparts for the prize of Most Shocking. But to argue, as Cowen does, that "the American model encourages artistic creativity [and] keeps the politicization of art to a minimum," is to be unaware of how narrow and prescriptive American artmaking has become. The simple fact is that artmaking in America has been taken over by a single bad idea, despite the ample and diverse funding it receives.

Cowen seems to have been concerned that some readers may not agree with his diversity-yields-quality analysis of American arts funding, so he offers another instance of how the American system for supporting nonprofits has resulted in excellence. But the example he has selected will come as a shock, even to a part-time student of the culture war.

Cowen points to the American system of higher education as another triumph of American giving. There is no arguing that our colleges and universities are among the wealthiest in the world—largely due to the impressive level of donations with which alumni enrich their alma maters. And, in so many ways, that wealth is a good thing. But for Cowen to hold up America's colleges and universities as beacons of diversity is a grave error.

The monopoly of political correctness in American higher education


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has been exhaustively documented. Approximately three-quarters of college faculty nationwide identify themselves as liberals. (The number jumps to over 80 percent at elite schools.) The undermining effects of this imbalance—not just on curricular content but on college life, from speech codes to freshmen sensitivity training—are well known.

But, in his eagerness to celebrate the wonders of the American system of giving, Cowen overlooks this corrupted outcome. He repeats the mantra that American colleges are "the envy of the world" and insists that "the university works by generating and evaluating ideas according to novel and independent principles."

In the sciences and in the social sciences, at some institutions, that generalization holds true. But in the liberal arts, where we've seen example upon example of conservative professors being forced out while students are force-fed liberal ideology, a case for intellectual diversity is difficult to make. Cowen even goes so far as to celebrate tenure—perhaps the single strongest force protecting and prolonging political correctness on campus—as a "virtue of the university" precisely because of the "absence of accountability" it allows.

Tyler Cowen seems so deeply fascinated by the dynamism of American giving that he chooses to ignore the mutations it has been unable to prevent. And *Good and Plenty*'s very narrow agenda has kept him from pursuing the most interesting question that arises from his research: Why, despite the diversity of funding they receive, have so many of our art institutions been so deeply undermined by a uniform liberal philosophy?

I would certainly not argue that any system of philanthropy exists that is superior to the American. But to celebrate, without qualification, the institutions that have been the recipients of that generosity, while ignoring their real state, is to do American philanthropy a disservice. The more wealth that is poured into dysfunctional institutions, the less likely they ever will change. ♦

# Shooting to Kill

*One Marine's very complicated war story.*

**BY DAN SENOR**

On April 15, 2004, Marine lieutenant Ilario Pantano emptied a pair of M-16 magazines on two Iraqis he had reason to believe were insurgents, and placed a sign on their bullet-ridden car with a Marine slogan—a warning to other would-be terrorists. His book, *Warlord*, centers around this incident and the disciplinary hearing that followed. But the book also provides a much broader picture of the soldiers who are fighting this war, the constraints they face, and how we should deal with the wave of terror and sectarian strife that threatens Iraq's nascent democracy.

**Warlord**
*No Better Friend, No Worse Enemy*
by Ilario Pantano and Malcolm McConnell
Threshold, 416 pp., $26

Pantano, a New Yorker who grew up in the Midtown Manhattan neighborhood known as Hell's Kitchen, is the son of Italian immigrants. He served in the first Gulf war as an artilleryman. After the war, he went off to college and did stints on Wall Street and in the media. He was en route to a business meeting on September 11, 2001, when he popped up from the subway to discover the World Trade Center ablaze.

Five days later, he reenlisted at a Marine Corps Reserve Center on Long Island. He was assigned as an infantry officer in the 2nd Battalion of the 2nd Marine Regiment (called the "2/2" or "Warlords"). In early 2004, with some 1,000 troops, the 2/2 took over Mahmudiyah and Latafiyah, small cities south of Baghdad.

Pantano's recollections of his time in these towns—dubbed the "Triangle of Death"—and later, Falluja, add some frontline color to the debates among policymakers.

Take the policy of "clear, hold, build," for example. We've learned that it's not enough simply to clear out the insurgents from their strongholds. We must also maintain a presence in these Sunni towns if we hope to create a secure space to reconstruct the local economy, develop a civil society, and foster indigenous leadership. Otherwise, the insurgents return and punish whoever cooperated with us.

Pantano saw firsthand in Falluja the consequences of just clearing, without holding and building: "We left behind civilians who'd come over to our side; who'd believed in us. Who would ever trust us? Until we'd won this war, anyone who'd sided with us would be marked as a traitor." And after his Marines pulled out of a town prematurely, Pantano writes, "It was painfully obvious that a family that lived nearby, who had trusted us, who had pointed out bad guys fleeing the city, would be executed."

He also describes what seemed like a zero-sum dilemma between fighting insurgents and securing supply lines: "By mid-April 2004, the insurgents had already blown big holes out of the highway bridges, almost cutting the supply route into Baghdad and Falluja. The sudden and aggressive tactics were so effective that they prompted an irate senior Marine commander to remind his battalions: 'If we could take G-d—n Mount Suribachi, we sure as hell better hold a f—g highway!'" And then quips: "Sure we could. It just meant everything else would stop."

During the pullback from Falluja in

*Dan Senor was a senior adviser to the Coalition in Iraq when Saddam Hussein was captured.*



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Threshold

*Lieutenant Pantano (right) in Mahmudiyah, 2004*

April 2004, Pantano had no confidence in the "Falluja Brigade," the Saddam army generals brought back from retirement to provide security. While Pantano is right that it was a mistake to hand over responsibility for Falluja to a group of Saddamists, the decision to halt the U.S. operation at that time was not so simple. It had to be weighed within the context of forming an interim government and trying to hand over sovereignty expeditiously.

Pantano also captures the disconnect between the daily lives of Americans in Iraq and citizens back home. The difference can be jarring, which he describes through his reaction to reading the *New York Times* (his mother had included a copy in a care package): "It would make me laugh with the zany triviality of life in New York. Debutante balls and twenty-dollar martinis. The newest steakhouse or a sale at Bloomingdale's. Meanwhile people were dying over here, Iraqis and Americans."

For those of us who continue to support engagement in Iraq and look for signs of hope, *Warlord* offers up some encouraging anecdotes. While early on Pantano believed that making a dinar was the only motivation for Iraqis volunteering to serve in their army, he later describes scenes like this:

> A massive car bomb hit the Iraqi National Guard compound I had visited the day before. One ING soldier was killed as he tried to stop the car's advance by firing his AK-47 from the hip. His counterattack was effective—for everyone but him. He was killed when the bomb blew early, but the compound and the hundreds of ING soldiers were spared. That was heroism, honest-to-God, Medal of Honor valor.

*Warlord* is full of arresting scenes like this. The dramatic narrative is anchored around Pantano's killing of two Iraqis, and his subsequent hearing under the Code of Military Justice, the outcome of which could have put him behind bars for life.

The case dealt with a Quick Reaction Force raid on a house that was believed to be an insurgent hideaway. During the raid, two suspected insurgents fled the house in a vehicle that Pantano and his Marines stopped and searched, and then made the suspects search again while guarded at gunpoint by Pantano. During this second search, Pantano feared that the two Iraqis were quietly plotting to attack him. After repeatedly ordering them to cease talking to one another (as Pantano describes it), they began to turn toward him and, in a split-second decision, he began firing. Indeed, he unloaded two entire M-16 magazines.

It seems that 60 bullets were excessive, as was posting a sign above the blood-drenched vehicle that read "No Better Friend. No Worse Enemy!"—General Jim Mattis's slogan for the duality of the Marines' mission in Iraq.

But this was not the central question in the Article 32 hearing. Rather, it was whether Pantano should have shot to kill in the first place, which begs the more important debate: What are the rules of engagement for our military in the Iraqi theater? Who is to judge whether a soldier, after months of fighting an insurgency and witnessing bloodshed all around him, should pull the trigger if he believes his life to be in danger? When does killing become murder in war?

Regardless of where you come down on Pantano's case, *Warlord* is a good catalyst for this broader discussion. His story has many more gray areas than several of the similar cases that have grabbed national attention in recent months. And his experience is described with a gripping style that carries the reader back and forth from the Iraqi battlefield to the courtroom.

This book's most compelling contribution to the current debate, however, is in reinforcing the importance of American success in Iraq, achieved through the transformation from a defensive to an offensive U.S. posture. While Pantano is not likely to persuade readers that it wasn't excessive to unload 60 bullets into two suspected insurgents—and post a warning sign above their car—he certainly knocks down the charges that were the basis of his hearing, which never proceeded to a court-martial. This legal outcome was good not only for Pantano, but also for our country and the mission.

In the search for a window into what daily life is like for our troops in Iraq, *Warlord* provides one Marine's very vivid account. ♦



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# Kitchen Confidential

*Inside every feminist, a woman yearns to break free.* **BY MEGHAN COX GURDON**

Bettmann / Corbis / Philip Gendreau

If, for summer reading, you are looking for a witty, elegantly written, and charming mix of self-deprecation and social commentary, here's a book for you. Caitlin Flanagan is a wonderfully readable observer of the peculiarities of modern domestic life, and in *To Hell with All That* she builds on essays she originally wrote for the *Atlantic Monthly* to construct an amusing, and sometimes startlingly candid, memoir.

**To Hell with All That**
*Loving and Loathing Our Inner Housewife*
by Caitlin Flanagan
Little, Brown, 272 pp., $22.95

I am aware that the words "candid memoir" have come to imply, in our memoir-littered literary landscape, ever-darker revelations of neglect, debauchery, and (if the publisher is lucky) incest. That's what people seem to want to read, but, mercifully, Flanagan does not reveal anything so gruesome. What she does reveal, though, is in its effect plenty grim. You may laugh out loud at many passages—I certainly did—but what the book says about modern American women may make you want to bang your head against a wall.

First, the good news: Flanagan is a sparkling stylist, and she is definitely on to something with her idea of an "inner housewife," that secret part of emancipated womanhood that clings to old-fashioned feminine roles even as the outer lawyer, or whatever, rejects them. For who among us doesn't resent the drudgery of battling squalor through repetitive acts of washing, wiping, and tidying? At the same time, what woman, in her heart of hearts, doesn't get a weird charge out of a pile of freshly laundered and scented linens, nicely folded?

Flanagan is at her best when remarking on paradoxes such as this, along with the absurdity of sexually adventurous career gals insisting on virginal white gowns and six-figure wedding bashes paid for by their fathers. In these observations, she's generally not saying anything new, but she is highly entertaining.

For a self-identified liberal, Flanagan is also pleasantly scathing about the distortions sold to women by the phalanxes of feminism. She writes:

> The general idea, implied in countless books and articles and in a variety of popular movies, is that shortly after President Truman dropped the big one on Nagasaki, an entire generation of brave, brilliant women—many of them enjoying the deep satisfaction of doing shift work in munitions factories (the extent to which the riveters' lot is glorified by professional-class feminists who have never set foot on a factory floor is shameful)—was kidnapped by a bunch of rat-bastard men, deposited in Levittown, and told to mop. . . . That women in large numbers were eagerly, joyfully complicit in this life plan, that women helped to create the plan, is rarely considered.

Of the wifely duty in postwar marriages, she observes saucily: "Perhaps, as some feminists would have us believe, these were grimly efficient interludes during which the poor humped-upon wife stared at the ceiling and silently composed the grocery list. Or perhaps not. Maybe . . . once you get the canoe out in the water, everybody starts happily paddling."

But—and here we come to the head-banging part—for all her bravado versus the feminists, it is dispiriting to learn the extent to which even a clever counterculturalist such as Caitlin Flanagan had her maternal sensibilities hijacked by the revolution. She admits that it took her five years after the birth of her twins before she realized—and then only with the catalyst of a terrifying calamity—what it means to be fully a mother.

For forty years, feminists have swung their broadswords against women's natural love for, protectiveness towards, and willingness to sacrifice for their children. In no way am I suggesting that all women make delightful mothers, nor am I arguing here against women going out to work, and I'm not saying that feminists don't

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love their babies. But from Betty Friedan onwards, we've had a series of grim-visaged battleaxes assailing society with demands that mothers put aside tender feelings so as not to impede the ambitions of the sisterhood.

The latest exemplar of this unappealing bunch is the Robespierrian philosopher Linda Hirschhorn. Her contempt for traditional womanhood is such that she argues that raising children is an unworthy, ignoble pursuit for an educated or intelligent woman. According to Hirschhorn, if you're smart and you've been to college, you owe it to other dames to disregard your own desires and stow your kiddies in a facility staffed by stupid, ill-educated puddings.

Years of tricked-out "philosophy" of this sort has had many sad effects, not least to confuse many women utterly about how, exactly, they ought to behave. In a chapter of impressive frankness, Flanagan talks about hiring a nanny to care for her infant twin sons—and the uneasy inertia that descended on her the moment the hired help arrived:

> Fifty years ago a young matron in my situation—one lucky enough to have both household help and no need to make money—would have been up and dressed and off to the department store or the library guild or the dry cleaner by mid-morning, and no one would have questioned her inclinations as far as motherhood was concerned. But these are very different times, ones fraught with forty years of female advance and retreat, from children toward careers and back again. I had chosen to stay home, ensuring that my perfect babies, my life's great achievement, were being made ever more perfect by the fact that their mother was there.

So she hung around the apartment while the nanny was there, "exhausted and ragged," feeling that she was supposed to exert her presence and "make sure my beloved sons were imbibing as much of me as they were of her."

Thanks a bunch, Betty Friedan!

But it is only at the very end of the book when Flanagan's sons are reaching their fifth birthday that the deepest and, to my mind, most tragic confusion produced by all these years of feminist dogma becomes manifest. Caitlin Flanagan goes in for a routine mammogram and comes out with a diagnosis of cancer. Horrible, debilitating chemotherapy ensues.

"Those life-and-death months of cancer treatment were the making of me as a mother," she realizes. This is, remember, five years after her children were born. It takes cancer to show that "I was a mother, not someone playing at homemaking."

Only remorseless brainwashing can inure women to the powerful instinctive urge to motherly love. Sadly, that is exactly what our society has endured for several decades. ♦

# The Human Factor

*A man of science faces Darwin and the Deity.*

**BY DAVID KLINGHOFFER**

Head of the Human Genome Project, Francis Collins is among the country's foremost authorities on genetics, a staunch Darwinist, and a prominent critic of Intelligent Design. He's also an evangelical Christian who dramatically describes the moment he accepted Jesus as his personal savior. If that sounds like it might be a paradox, read on.

**The Language of God**
*A Scientist Presents Evidence for Belief*
by Francis S. Collins
Free Press, 304 pp., $26

Collins was hiking in the Cascade Mountains of western Washington when, as he writes, he found that "the majesty and beauty of God's creation overwhelmed my resistance. As I rounded a corner and saw a beautiful and unexpected frozen waterfall, hundreds of feet high, I knew the search was over. The next morning, I knelt in the dewy grass as the sun rose and surrendered to Jesus Christ."

Anyone who doubts that Darwinism may coherently be embraced alongside a faith in biblical religion will be intrigued and challenged by *The Language of God.* Besides offering a lovely, impassioned, and transparently sincere defense of his own Christian faith, Collins argues that one need not choose between Darwin and God. Indeed, he says, embracing both is the most profound and compelling way of penetrating "that mystery of mysteries," as Darwin called it, the puzzle of the origin of species.

He makes a strong and moving case for religious belief with the part of the book that is a memoir. Collins grew up an agnostic. After medical school, he treated a woman with crippling heart disease who relied on her faith for support. She asked him what he believed about God, and he was disturbed to find that he had no thoughtful reply. Another turning point came when, on a medical mission to Africa, he saved the life of a young farmer suffering from tuberculosis with a risky emergency surgery.

The man thanked Collins afterward and commented, "I get the sense you are wondering why you came here. I have an answer for you. You came here for one reason. You came here for me." The experience set Collins to thinking about the workings of Providence, God's oversight of our lives: "The tears of relief that blurred my vision as I digested his words stemmed from indescribable reassurance—reassur-

*David Klinghoffer, a senior fellow at the Discovery Institute, is the author, most recently, of* Why the Jews Rejected Jesus: The Turning Point in Western History.



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ance that there in that strange place for just that one moment, I was in harmony with God's will, bonded together with this young man in a most unlikely but marvelous way."

His later, and historically significant, work on the Human Genome Project has mapped the genetic language, DNA, in which Collins believes God speaks His will for living creatures. Collins does a splendid job of clarifying for the layman what genetic information actually is. He explains how evidence for Darwin's understanding of the evolutionary mechanism may be observed in queer, vestigial features of the genetic code. However, if that mechanism was never at any point guided by a transcendent intelligence—as Darwin in *The Origin of Species* assumes it was not—this naturally raises the question of what need there was for a Deity as most believers understand Him. God has the right to command us because he created us.

Obviously in the background here, and the foreground too, is the Intelligent Design debate. Darwin and his followers advocate an unguided and purely material mechanism of natural selection operating on random genetic variation. Intelligent Design claims to find positive evidence that the mechanism was, indeed, guided—in short, that the software in the cell (DNA) did not write itself.

Collins's book rejects Intelligent Design as an "argument from personal incredulity." That argument, in his telling, would go this way: We don't understand exactly how the Darwinian mechanism could have produced certain aspects of biological information; therefore, a Designer must have done it. I believe Collins misrepresents Intelligent Design, and it appears that he hasn't followed the latest rounds in the scientific debate. But never mind. Let's assume he's right and ask: If Darwinism is the true resolution of the "mystery of mysteries," where does that leave God?

Something you'll often hear people say is, "Well, Darwinism doesn't mean God isn't the creator. Maybe evolution was programmed into the universe from the start. So He had no need to guide the process." The problem with such thinking is that it's directly contradicted by a major current in Darwinian evolutionary theory. In his book *Wonderful Life* (1989), the late Harvard paleontologist Stephen Jay Gould demonstrated what he called the "contingency" of life's history. Gould explained what an incredibly lucky break it was that Earth ever cast up intelligent life forms.

Wisely turning away from this doomed approach to showing God's hand here on Planet Darwin, Collins argues that we may discover evidence of His existence and love from looking to our own hearts, and to the heavens. In this he follows the lead of Immanuel Kant, who famously wrote, "Two things fill me with constantly increasing admiration and awe, the longer and more earnestly I reflect on them: the starry heavens without and the Moral Law within." The incredible fine-tuning of the universe's physical laws at the moment of the Big Bang, making existence possible against unimaginably high odds, must indicate that God had us in mind when He created the starry heavens. Collins quotes Stephen Hawking: "It would be very difficult to explain why the universe should have begun in just this way, except as the act of a God who intended to create us."

But doesn't this sound like an "argument from personal incredulity" of just the kind Collins would attribute to Intelligent Design? Here is Collins on the Big Bang: "I cannot see how nature could have created itself."

The same objection may be lodged against Collins's favorite demonstration of God's being and caring. This comes from the "Moral Law," the sense of right and wrong, of charity and altruism, which he believes to be inborn in the human heart. Where else could it come from, he asks, but from God? "In my view, DNA sequence alone . . . will never explain certain special human attributes, such as the knowledge of the Moral Law and the universal search for God." Darwin, among others, would disagree. In *The Descent of Man* he advanced an evolutionary explanation of altruism.

In his most satisfying defense of belief, Collins brings forward a clever way of reconciling an unguided evolutionary process with God as the Creator. He points out that God resides beyond the limits of time. Hence, what appears to us as evolution's unpredictable course was, from God's perspective, entirely predictable. It's a neat perspective—except, perhaps, if we ask whether an unguided process of "creation" is still "creation" even if its results were foreseen.

I am surprised that Collins didn't try another approach to harmonizing God and Darwin, an approach I find more promising. This one is brought forward by an Orthodox Jewish scholar who deserves to be more widely known outside Jewish circles. In his own new book, *The Challenge of Creation: Judaism's Encounter with Science, Cosmology, and Evolution*, Rabbi Natan Slifkin also summarily dismisses Intelligent Design. On the other hand, he offers a sumptuous variety of theological and philosophical approaches to reconciling Darwinian evolution with religious faith. Slifkin's perspective, while endorsing Darwinism, holds that what may appear random and unguided in life's history may not be at all.

His writing is too fascinatingly rich to summarize here, but a hint of this line of thinking may be found in a citation from the book of Proverbs: "[When] the lot is cast in the lap, its entire verdict has been decided by God." Or as a cryptic verse of a famous Sabbath hymn, "L'chah Dodi," suggests, in Slifkin's paraphrase:

> The end of the deed is first in thought, which explains that the final result sheds light on the entire process. In this case, it clarifies that when a seemingly meaningless process results in a highly meaningful conclusion, one looks back and sees that the apparent meaninglessness was a mere disguise for the goal, which was actually envisaged at the start of the entire process.

This turns Stephen Jay Gould's notion of contingency on its head. The unlikely course of evolutionary history


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with its ultimate product—us—actually becomes an argument for the emergence of humans having been intended all along. After all, the unlikely thing actually happened. But Slifkin's attempt at harmonizing would likely trouble Darwin, who assumed that the process not only *seemed to be* unguided but also *was* unguided.

Can we reconcile God and Darwin without changing the accustomed meaning of one or the other? I remain skeptical. Yet readers owe Francis Collins—and Rabbi Slifkin—a debt of gratitude for making us think more deeply about issues that often get swept away with trite, unexamined formulations designed to give us an excuse for not thinking. The theological and scientific paradoxes will not be resolved in a book review, nor perhaps in any book that has yet been written. ♦

# Old World, New World

*Columbus, medieval Spain, and the dawn of the modern era.* **BY PETER HANNAFORD**

The dogs here are the Dominican friars who, under the zealous leadership of Torquemada, doggedly carried out the Spanish Inquisition with great efficiency. As the subtitle suggests, however, this book is about much more than the Inquisition. *Dogs of God* weaves a word tapestry showing the confluence of three historic events: The Inquisition, Columbus's first voyage of discovery, and the end of Arab occupancy of Spain.

**Dogs of God**
*Columbus, the Inquisition and the Defeat of the Moors*
by James Reston Jr.
Doubleday, 364 pp., $27.95

It all happened in 1492.

In a recent presentation on the book at the Woodrow Wilson International Center in Washington, Reston concluded a rather dry, scholarly exchange with a member of the audience by saying, "And, it's a crackling good tale!" Indeed it is. The full range of human emotions, motivations, and characteristics is on display, with greed, vanity, and jealousy high on the list, but with valor, humility, and piety not far behind. The noble and profane are often mixed within the same individual.

Take Ferdinand and Isabella, for example. The queen was an intelligent, beautiful, and independent-minded woman. To settle a royal succession dispute in Castile in 1468, she signed a treaty swearing loyalty to her half-brother, Enrique, as king, but also establishing her as his rightful heir. As part of the treaty, he was given a say in whom she would marry. A succession of royal suitors from Spain, France, and England was considered, but when she met Ferdinand of Aragon, he was her choice.

Ferdinand, a year younger than Isabella, was by age 16 seasoned in battle, an excellent horseman, and, despite a meager education, curious and outspoken. In an age when marriages among the high-born were arranged to produce male heirs and/or secure more land, these two seem genuinely to have loved one another.

In a prenuptial agreement they pledged to unite their provinces. Because Castile was larger and richer than Aragon, Ferdinand pledged to obey the ruler of Castile and, as Reston notes, "accept the holy obligation of all Spanish Catholic kings to attack and conquer, if possible, the infidel Moorish state of al-Andalus." Still teenagers, they were married on October 19, 1469.

Within three years, Isabella found herself with a zealous new confessor, Tomas de Torquemada, a Dominican prior who "burned with a vivid hatred of heresy and any Christian of whatever background who might be guilty of it." This would one day crystallize into the Inquisition, in which thousands of Christians were tortured and executed. Especially singled out for this treatment were *conversos*, Jewish Spaniards who had converted to Christianity.

In 1474 the Castilian King Enrique died and Isabella I ascended the throne. Her husband became Ferdinand V. Their counselors negotiated power-sharing arrangements, but Isabella held firmly to the precedence given her in the prenup. Still, as the years went on, she let her husband take the limelight as military leader of Castile and Aragon in the Reconquista, the ongoing war to evict the Moors from Spain. And she won the adoration of the population with her apparent piety, humility, and beauty.

Ever since a Muslim army had landed from North Africa in 711 and proceeded to conquer most of the Iberian peninsula, the remaining Catholic nobles sought to take it back. The Reconquista can be said to have begun with Charlemagne's creation of the Spanish March—Catalonia—in 778; and by the 11th century, Ferdinand I had liberated Castile from the Muslims. By the time Ferdinand and Isabella came to power, Moorish Spain had been reduced to the southern province of Granada. In recalling the decline and fall of Moorish Spain, Reston describes it in superlatives: "The glorious lost culture that was the Caliphate of the Moors." He does not mention that they first got there by conquest.

Following a short war with the Portuguese, Ferdinand and his generals laid plans to seize what was left of the Caliphate. A series of campaigns and battles culminated in the victory of 1492, by which time Islam in Europe, militarily at least, was a spent force. Underlying the steady progress of the Reconquista was a burst of Christian

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Brooklyn Museum / Corbis

*'Columbus Before the Queen' (1843) by Emanuel Leutze*

religious enthusiasm at a time when Moorish Spain, with its high degree of material prosperity and scientific achievements, had lost its religious zeal.

The dark side of this Christian movement became the Inquisition. In 1478, Pope Sixtus IV had issued a bull authorizing the Spanish monarchs to appoint inquisitors to stamp out heresy, which, it was said, was rampant. In time, Torquemada became the Grand Inquisitor, wringing confessions out of citizens with hideous tortures. Many were burned at the stake, and others had lesser punishments, but nearly all those tried lost their property. Much of the loot went into the royal treasury to finance the war of Spanish Christianity against the Muslim Moors. (Later, it helped pay for Columbus's voyage of discovery.) Since *conversos* were a particular target of the Inquisitors, Jews were increasingly cut off from trades and business and shunned by ordinary citizens. As early as 1483, Ferdinand, in a letter to Torquemada, signaled his intent to one day expel them from Spain.

Christopher Columbus enters the story in 1484, in Portugal, "a ruddy-faced, red-headed, blue-eyed, broad-shouldered, tall and loquacious Genoese charmer." Reston gives us Columbus's story in vivid detail, describing a boastful, overly ambitious, nonstop self-promoter. Columbus was also fiercely determined to turn his vision of a new world into reality. It was no dream. A combination of long seafaring experience, close study, consultation with geographers, and deductions based on the experience of others, led him to conclude that the New World was out there for him to find. Columbus finally found a champion in Luis de Santangel, an Aragon financier close to Isabella. He made a passionate plea for her to underwrite a voyage, and she agreed, lest mariners from other lands get to the western lands first.

Thus, three momentous events came together in 1492. On January 2, the Moors surrendered Granada. On March 31, the monarchs issued an edict expelling all Jews from Spain. By the end of July the more than 100,000 Jews in Spain—who had contributed so much to arts, finance, and science—were gone. Some converted, but most of the Sephardim were dispersed throughout Europe and around the Mediterranean. And shortly after their departure, on August 3, Columbus set sail.

James Reston Jr. has done a prodigious amount of work to recreate the life of 15th-century Spain. Using original documents, he tells much of the story through the words of participants and observers of the human dramas that came to a climax in one fateful year. Especially welcome are the book's clear and informative maps. ♦



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# Growing Pains

*Can economic progress coexist with moral decline?*

**BY JOEL SCHWARTZ**

Benjamin Friedman is an eminent economist—arguably the world's second-most eminent economist named Friedman. A liberal Democrat, he is best known to general readers as the author of *Day of Reckoning*, a prize-winning 1988 critique of Reaganomics. In this new, highly ambitious book, Friedman attempts to make an original argument on behalf of economic expansion.

**The Moral Consequences of Economic Growth**
by Benjamin M. Friedman
Knopf, 592 pp., $35

Belief in the desirability of increased wealth leads Friedman, like almost all economists, to favor economic growth. The novelty of his argument, though, is that he principally advocates it for moral reasons: "The familiar balancing of material positives against moral negatives when we discuss economic growth is . . . a false choice. . . . Economic growth bears moral benefits."

At the very beginning, Friedman makes it clear that he is not defending economic growth because it promotes the good behavior of individuals. Instead he explores how "economic growth—or stagnation—affects the moral character of a *society*." Economic growth yields a morally improved society, in that it "more often than not fosters greater opportunity, tolerance of diversity, social mobility, commitment to fairness, and dedication to democracy."

Economic growth has this effect because we act more generously when we are gaining economically than when we are falling behind: "People in a growing economy will be willing to accept enhanced mobility," he writes, "and they are willing to accept measures like anti-discrimination laws, or special education programs for children from low-income families, designed to make social mobility greater." Conversely, "when an economy stagnates, . . . the resulting frustration generates intolerance, ungenerosity, and resistance to greater openness to individual opportunity."

Roughly half of the book consists of extended explorations in the economic history of America, Britain, France, and Germany, in which Friedman tests this hypothesis against the empirical evidence. Does economic growth promote openness, and economic stagnation intolerance? For the most part, yes, he maintains. To Friedman's credit, he is honest enough to acknowledge the evident counterexamples. To pick only the most obvious, the depression of the early 1930s in Weimar Germany, ushering in Hitler's rule, is consistent with Friedman's thesis: The depression of the 1930s in the United States, which ushered in Franklin Roosevelt's presidency, is not.

The book concludes with a chapter discussing ways in which public policy can spur American economic growth, thereby promoting the openness of American society. Friedman advocates measures designed to encourage saving and to reduce government borrowing. Developing themes from his earlier critique of Reaganomics, he focuses principally on seeking to reduce the deficit by "undoing much of the tax reduction that Congress has enacted since 2001." Such a change would not only make "a large contribution to addressing America's saving-investment problems," it would also do so in a way "that does not further skew the distribution of benefits toward the already advantaged."

Friedman's attempt to show how economic growth generates society's moral improvement is ultimately unsatisfactory, because his exclusive focus on social morality, as he defines it—and abstraction from considering the behavior of individuals—is untenable.

The limits to his approach become apparent when you consider his treatment of that much-discussed decade, the 1960s. Friedman portrays the '60s as a time of moral advance, facilitated by a prospering economy. He hails the decade's "movements toward openness, tolerance, mobility, fairness, democracy." In particular, he commends the '60s for the "active effort" that was made "to share the perceived prosperity with those who were being left behind"—i.e., for launching and conducting the War on Poverty.

To be sure, Friedman is not wholly wrong to praise the '60s, an era in which "blacks had rights, . . . individual citizens' freedoms were stronger, . . . women composed a large and growing share of the labor force, . . . immigrants were welcome, not just from northern and western Europe, and domestic prejudice against Americans other than white Protestants was in retreat."

Nevertheless, it is odd to present the '60s unequivocally as a time of moral advance. If, unlike Friedman, you look at the era from the standpoint of individual behavior, the '60s ushered in a host of worrisome trends. To mention only a few relevant statistics, the crime rate was more than twice as high in 1970 as it had been in 1960; the percentage of out-of-wedlock births was more than twice as high in 1970 as it had been in 1960; and the percentage of Americans receiving welfare was more than twice as high in 1970 as it had been in 1960.

In criticizing Friedman for ignoring developments like these, I am not blaming him for writing *this* book as

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opposed to the one that I think he should have written. He writes as an advocate of economic and social mobility. But the mobility that he rightly desires was and is, in large measure, precluded by the calamitous behavior (attested to by the statistics I have just cited) that he fails to consider.

Whether or not these baleful social indicators were caused by the War on Poverty, they clearly ensured that the War on Poverty would fail. Poor people who commit crimes, produce illegitimate children, and accept doles will continue to be mired in poverty rather than advancing out of it. Friedman's lengthy book does not speak to this concern, apart from a somewhat odd statement alluding to a "Romantic reaction [that] focused on America, addressing mounting concerns over the deterioration of the family as an institution and of individual values more generally." (An endnote cites Gertrude Himmelfarb's *De-Moralization of Society*. I will confess to never before having thought of Himmelfarb as a romantic—let alone a Romantic!)

Friedman writes as an advocate of tolerance, but he does not think enough about which things should, and should not, be tolerated. Why did the '60s witness a rise in crime, births out of wedlock, and welfare dependency? At least to some extent, because many influential Americans not only tolerated but also actively welcomed behavior that should still have been opposed. In Lawrence Mead's formulation, "Those on the left sought . . . to challenge conventional beliefs about personal and social discipline. They wanted a society that was more inclusive but also more individualist, and less insistent on the work ethic, law abidingness, and the conventional family." The ensuing society, which did not demand that its citizens work, obey the law, and procreate only within marriage, predictably failed to ameliorate poverty.

The problem of illegitimacy in particular—unlike the problems of crime and welfare dependency—has continued to worsen, in both good and bad economic times, during the past four decades. It is hard to imagine that much can be done to increase the social mobility of impoverished Americans so long as so many of them continue to produce children out of wedlock. But this is a problem about which Friedman has next to nothing to say, apart from noting the educational problems of children who live "in situations in which only one parent (or maybe neither) is present at home."

Friedman correctly links his aspirations for societies that are prosperous, tolerant, and democratic to the views of Enlightenment thinkers. But it is also arguable that the collapse of marriage, which does so much to worsen the plight of the poor, is itself at least indirectly a result of the Enlightenment. James Q. Wilson has made this case effectively, noting that "the greatest familial problems . . . exist in countries where the culture has most fully embraced the Enlightenment ideal."

Elaborating on this point, Wilson has explained that:

> The Enlightenment made us preoccupied with individual rights and more restless with collective obligations; . . . more ready to search for self-expression than to accept joint endeavors. It only slowly and gradually affected marriage, but once the genie of individual rights was out of the bottle there was no way it could either be put back in or kept from influencing sex and marriage.

The Enlightenment is arguably of a piece, and it may not be possible to take its beneficial consequences (which Friedman celebrates) while rejecting its problematic ones (which he overlooks). Friedman is half-right to assert that economic growth has desirable moral consequences. But it is necessary to realize that individualistic societies devoted to economic growth also have moral problems because such societies have weaker marriages and families. It is by no means clear that these problems are soluble, but they certainly cannot be solved if they are not acknowledged.

We cannot plausibly assess a society's morality so long as, like Friedman, we are oblivious to what is problematic about the behavior of the individual men and women who inhabit that society. ♦

FRANCIS FUKUYAMA
EDITOR

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# 'It Can't Happen Here'

*Hope springs eternal for prophets of fascism.*

**BY FRED SIEGEL**

The publication of *It Can't Happen Here*, Sinclair Lewis's Depression-era novel of how homespun fascists took over America, was greeted with extraordinary praise. The *New Yorker* described it as "one of the most important books ever produced in this country . . . It is so crucial, so passionate, so honest, so vital that only dogmatists, schismatics, and reactionaries will care to pick flaws in it." Published in 1935, when the American population was but 127 million, the book quickly sold 320,000 copies. A theatrical version staged by the Federal Theater project was similarly successful. Opening just prior to the 1936 presidential election, the production ran in 18 cities drawing 379,000 in just four months.

Reissued periodically, *It Can't Happen Here* became part of every young intellectual's required reading and a national byword that persists to the present day. Readers of Philip Roth's recent *The Plot Against America*, a fable of sorts, in which Charles Lindbergh leads a fascist takeover of the United States in 1940, will be struck by the echoes of *It Can't Happen Here*. When New American Library recently brought out a new printing of *It Can't Happen Here*, columnists, bloggers, and pundits such as Paul Krugman and Anthony Lewis drew on the book's authority to warn against what they saw as the current slow motion right-wing takeover of the United States by another down-home strongman, George W. Bush. For today's alarmists, as for Clifton Fadiman in the *New Yorker*, the book, its implausible plot notwithstanding, is unchallengeable revelation.

But it *didn't* happen here, and the book's scenario, like that of Roth's *Plot Against America*, bore what was, at best, a tortured relationship to events at the time. The Nazi seizure of power in Germany, which had been reported extensively by Lewis's wife, Dorothy Thompson, set off fears of fascism in the United States. Marxists touting the Leninist line about how fascism was the last stage of capitalism saw a Big Business coup as imminent. But they were hardly alone. Prominent independent leftists such as Robert and Helen Lynd and Alfred Bingham thought that greedy capitalists drawing on the dark psyche of small-town America would seize power in the name of protecting the United States from alien influence. What Lewis provided was a scenario (then and now) for the hysteria.

The premise of the novel, written before Huey Long was assassinated, was that the charismatic Louisiana populist and Father Coughlin, the anti-Semitic radio priest, and other assorted demagogues, would combine to win the 1936 election for the Union party. The creaky plot says little about Franklin Roosevelt, who's given but a cameo role in the novel. FDR is brushed aside quickly as a man "far too lacking in circus tinsel and general clownishness to succeed at this critical hour . . . when the electorate wanted a ringmaster-revolutionary."

Senator Berzelius "Buzz" Windrip, who, with his amalgam of a Finnish name and southern populist style, is meant to be a national version of Huey Long, wins the White House, and then proceeds to seize power. Part of what makes the scenario implausible is that Long and Coughlin were influential only as long as the public saw them as working with Roosevelt. When they opposed him, their popularity plummeted. Congressman William Lemke, a Midwest isolationist backed by Coughlin and Long's anti-Semitic aide, Gerald L.K. Smith, ran for president in 1936 and drew only 2 percent of the vote, which was barely noticed in the Roosevelt landslide over Republican Alfred Landon.

I hadn't read *It Can't Happen Here* since I was a teenager. Its mix of seriousness and satire doesn't wear well. The Nobel Prize-winning Lewis himself mocked the plaudits (for what he knew was a poorly written book) as politically motivated. "Boys, I love you all," he told a left-wing audience that was honoring him for *It Can't Happen Here*, "and a writer loves to have his latest book praised. But let me tell you, it isn't a very good book." He was right.

The characters, other than Lewis's alter ego, Vermont newspaper editor Doremus Jessup, are merely contrivances of the plot. Windrip, as his semi-satirical name implies, is a stage villain. He seems to be modeled, in part, on Elmer Gantry, the bogus/charismatic preacher in Lewis's earlier novel of the same name. But he's a far less compelling figure. There's some drama as the novel approaches Windrip's takeover, but then Lewis seems to lose interest and the plot plays out in near-rote fashion as Windrip establishes a Mussolini-style corporate state, only to be brought down by a heroic underground.

The feisty Jessup is an engaging character, a staunch Jeffersonian liberal. He has no use for overmighty corporations and he "doesn't like murder as a means of argument." Skeptical about the nostrums of both left and right, he has little good to say about American Communists who had made Russia their "holy land." In one of the book's many set pieces, Jessup exclaims: "There is no Solution, there will always be envy and inefficiency. . . . All the utopias—Brook Farm, Robert Owen's sanctuary of chatter, Upton Sinclair's Helicon Hall—and their regulation end in scandal,

*Fred Siegel is at work on a book about the course of American liberalism.*



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feuds, poverty, griminess, disillusion."

Doremus Jessup has been forgotten, but the novel, or at least the conceit that inspired it, endures because its lasting appeal lies elsewhere.

The success of *It Can't Happen Here* is based on an intellectual and imaginative failure. Lewis, who was never much interested in politics, doesn't take the trouble to think through what an American fascism would be like. He simply asserts that when it comes, as it must, it will be cloaked in the flag and patriotism while assuming the form of Mussolini's corporate state, serving the interests of the fat cats pulling the strings behind the scenes. He makes some passing remarks about big businessmen as "pirates," but does little with this. He never establishes a plausible nexus between the failings of small-minded small-towners and the gigantic tentacles of Windrip's centralized police state.

Time & Life Pictures / Eric Schaal / Pix Inc.

*Sinclair Lewis as Doremus Jessup, 1938*

The heart of the novel is laid out in the opening chapter, which tries to present the local Rotary Club—with its Veterans of Foreign Wars tub-thumping patriotism and prohibitionist moralism—as comparable, on a small scale, to the mass movements that brought fascism to Europe. He has a character explain, half-satirically, half-seriously, that "Rotary is Revolution." In other words, Lewis's imagined fascism is little more than *Main Street* or *Babbitt*, the novels that made him famous by depicting the failings of the Midwestern middle class, writ large.

When he wants to mock Windrip, he describes him as a "professional common man" who was "chummy with all waitresses at . . . lunch rooms." Fascism, for Lewis, is the product of back-slapping Rotarians, Elks, and Masons, as well as various and sundry other versions of joiners that Tocqueville had once celebrated as the basis of American self-government.

There is more than a hint of snobbery in all this. The book's local incarnation of evil is Jessup's shiftless, resentful handyman Shad Ledue, who was a member of the "Odd Fellows and the Ancient and Independent Order of Rams." Ledue uses Windrip's ascent to rise above himself and displace Jessup from his rightful place in the local hierarchy of power.

If the book were merely an indictment of Red State nativist intolerance, there would be little to distinguish it from numerous other novels and plays of the 1920s that were part of "the revolt against the village." Lewis was hardly the only writer of the period to, H.L. Mencken-like, describe the average American as a "boob" or "peasant" who believed the Allied propaganda of World War I and was convinced by Windrip that you could raise all salaries and lower all prices at the same time.

What makes *It Can't Happen Here* so appalling is that Lewis sees not merely garden variety malevolence in the heartland, but the basis of the radical evil we associate with the concentration camps of Europe. This feeds the worst conceits of today's bicoastal leftists, who see themselves fighting off the angry hordes who, led by Bill O'Reilly and Karl Rove, are plotting to end our freedoms.

There is a strong affinity between Lewis and many of today's leftists. He and his intellectual generation were so scarred by the "patriotic" excesses of the Great War, so provincial in their own right, that it wasn't until the very eve of World War II that they began to grasp the nature of what was happening in Germany. Similarly, today's *MoveOn.org*-ers are still living in the shadow of Vietnam and its disillusionment. Like Sinclair Lewis, their parochial idea of evil is homegrown; they hate George W. Bush more than they hate Saddam Hussein or Osama bin Laden.

The shame of it is that, 70 years after Fadiman wrote his doting review, a part of the American political class still imagines "it" is happening here. It still thinks in Fadiman's words that *It Can't Happen Here* "is so crucial, so passionate, so honest, so vital that only dogmatists, schismatics, and reactionaries will care to pick flaws in it." ♦



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# No Laughing Matter

*Or, Method without madness.* **BY JOHN PODHORETZ**

The new Will Ferrell comedy, *Talladega Nights: The Ballad of Ricky Bobby*, is nominally a satirical farce about a race car driver. But really it's a study in a certain style of improvisational comedy perfected in Chicago by a crazed dope addict named Del Close. The Close improv method is everything comedy ought to be—daring and risky and a real high-wire act for those who perform it—except that the work it produces is often awkward, weird, and astoundingly unfunny. And that is, unfortunately, the case with *Talladega Nights*.

**Talladega Nights: The Ballad of Ricky Bobby**
Directed by Adam McKay

A description of the plot of *Talladega Nights* makes it sound like a conventional sports-movie spoof: *Dodgeball* on four wheels. Ferrell plays Ricky Bobby, a white-trash South Carolinian who becomes the most popular driver in NASCAR by holding fast to his motto: "If you're not first, you're last." He makes $21 million a year, marries a "tractor beam of hotness" who introduces herself to him by raising her T-shirt at the track, and has two children, Walker and Texas Ranger.

His unrivaled domination of the sport ends one day when a French driver named Jean Girard (the sidesplitting Sacha Baron Cohen) emerges to challenge him. Girard drives while drinking *café filtre* and reading Camus, and he causes Ricky to suffer a terrible car crash that shakes Ricky's confidence. Ricky loses his wife to his best friend, is reduced to selling pizzas, and only begins to see the way back when his ne'er-do-well father returns to give him new confidence.

*John Podhoretz, a columnist for the* New York Post, *is* THE WEEKLY STANDARD*'s movie critic.*

In the end, though, the movie doesn't really send up sports movies or American white trash or anything in particular. It's really just a series of exhausting set pieces, each one a cute little joke that is stretched and extended and distorted.

In one, Ricky says grace at the dinner table, invoking Baby Jesus. His wife objects that it makes no sense to pray to Baby Jesus, since He was just a baby then. Ricky says his wife is welcome to pray to the Christmas Jesus if she likes, but he likes the Baby Jesus and his Baby Einstein developmental toys.

Maybe you smiled reading that. But trust me when I say that the scene just goes on and on and on, and on and on and on, with Ricky continuing to expound on the qualities of the Baby Jesus, his friend Cal talking about what he thinks of the Baby Jesus, his wife objecting again, and his kids and his father-in-law getting in on the action.

It takes a particular kind of person to believe that it's funny to be subjected to endless variations on the same joke. It takes a person who has been trained in the Del Close School of Comedy, as Ferrell and his cowriter and director, Adam McKay, were.

Close thought you could find "truth in comedy" by beating a joke to death and then whaling on it after its corpse lay there rotting on the floor. He devised a lengthy improv form called "the Harold," which basically involves coming up with three comic situations over the course of 30 minutes and repeating them three times over. Each joke is told, retold, examined, and deconstructed in a laborious and confusing process that is occasionally exhilarating to watch but is usually just tiresome.

Other forms of improvisational play appear in the movie to similar lame effect. After his car crash, Ricky imagines he's on fire, takes off all his clothes, and runs around with only his underwear on, invoking Jesus and Tom Cruise and Oprah Winfrey to save him. It's not a bad bit until Cal starts screaming, "Save my friend from the invisible fire," jumps on Ricky's back and attempts to put Ricky out.

Improvisers are taught to "say yes" to anything their fellow improviser might say or do—which means they are instantly to accept whatever weird or crazy premise is put in front of them, and try to build on it. It's the only way improv can work, because if someone says, "It's tough being a rutabaga," and the other person on stage says, "What are you talking about, you're not a rutabaga," there's really nowhere to go but down.

But all too often the original premise is either just weird or not very clever (like a sentient rutabaga, for example). When improviser #2 starts chiming in by claiming to be a different talking vegetable, the whole business instantly seems more like an inside joke than a performance meant to evoke laughs from anyone but the two people onstage. The audience ends up like the one straight guy in a room full of marijuana smokers.

In their first film together, *Anchorman*, Ferrell and McKay took a TV movie-of-the-week storyline—how a sexist work environment at a San Diego television station was forced to change when a high-powered woman arrived on the scene in the early 1970s—and played some inspired riffs off it. There hasn't been a funnier scene this decade than the rival local-TV news crews facing off in a rumble.

They have just as rich a vein to tap with NASCAR as they did with happy-talk news during the Me Decade, but they don't make much of it. Maybe McKay, who wrote and directed a show in New York in 2004 with the subtle name of *George Bush Is a M—f—*, simply couldn't get a feel for a subculture that is made up almost entirely of Bush voters. Or maybe they just saw the dailies and believed the improv they were filming was pure gold. ♦



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## Books in Brief

***The Dartmouth Review Pleads Innocent* edited by James Panero and Stefan Beck (ISI Books, 400 pp., $25.00).** On June 7, 1980, an ambitious group of Dartmouth students printed the first issue of a publication that would change the school forever. In the spirit of William F. Buckley Jr. and *National Review*, the *Dartmouth Review* challenged the college's leftist administration and faculty with conservative opinions, harsh criticism, some humor, and a lot of verbal bomb throwing. After several highly controversial incidents it received national attention, and over the past 26 years it has prompted responses ranging from administrative discipline and legal action to physical assault and sabotage.

Thanks to former *Review*-ers James Panero and Stefan Beck, the entire tumultuous history is now accessible in one easy-to-read volume. With additional commentary from Buckley, Jeffrey Hart, and others, *The Dartmouth Review Pleads Innocent* presents the paper's most famous episodes in its writers' own words. Their youthful, passionate, and often humorous language bares all, allowing readers the pleasure of joining in their battles with ruthless administrators, unforgiving faculty, and radical campus groups.

For instance, when a *Dartmouth Review* founder, Gregory Fossedal, scooped the *Journal of the American Medical Association* by revealing a medical school professor's recent breakthrough, he was dragged before Dartmouth's College Committee on Standing and Conduct. This kangaroo court consisted of judges who despised the *Dartmouth Review* and could not be counted on for objectivity; eventually he was found guilty of misappropriation. A similar group, the "Committee on Standards," would harass and even suspend members of the *Dartmouth Review* for years.

Contributors have fallen victim not only to administrative pressure, but also to physical assault. Benjamin Hart was distributing the paper one day when an administrator, Samuel Smith, decided he'd had enough. After Hart ignored Smith's command to stop delivering the *Review*, Smith lunged at the college student from behind, "hitting his face and back." After Hart subdued Smith in a headlock, Smith decided to sink his teeth into the young man's right side. As a result, Hart had to go to Mary Hitchcock Hospital to receive a tetanus shot. Smith was convicted of assault and paid a small fine.

During most other famous episodes in the paper's history—printing the transcript of a Gay Students Association meeting, proposing the return of Dartmouth's Indian mascot, having a Hitler quotation inserted by a saboteur, etc.—the *Dartmouth Review* has received unfair treatment by critics. But it would be disingenuous not to mention that some of the *Review*'s writing has been in poor taste. Consider, for example, a piece that compared administrators to Nazi leaders and the conservative writers to Holocaust victims, and referred to a "'Final Solution' to the Conservative Problem."

But, overall, the *Dartmouth Review*'s writing has been candid, intelligent, and witty. When asked by Dinesh D'Souza, a former editor, what he thought of the publication, William F. Buckley Jr. replied, "If you are asking me whether I would find anything in the *Dartmouth Review* worth revising, I would say, sure. But my impression of it is that it is serious . . . it is lively; it has spirit; and it has a considerable capacity to meditate its own weaknesses."

Since its inception, the *Dartmouth Review* has provided a much-needed service to a college community that too often tramples on conservative beliefs. Rather than hurting Dartmouth, as some would claim, this pioneer in collegiate journalism has breathed new life into the campus. It continues to do so today.

—*Jamie Deal*



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*Iran has said it would reply by Aug. 22 to a package of proposals put forward in June by the United States and European allies.*
—Washington Post, *July 31, 2006*

# Parody

THURSDAY, AUGUST 17, 2006

## U.S., Europe Revise Incentives for Tehran

### Offer to Include Three Free Months DirecTV

*By* WILLIAM BRANIGAN
*Washington Post Staff Writer*

Hoping for a diplomatic solution to the Iranian nuclear crisis, negotiators from the United States and Europe have revised their incentives package to include even more enticements, such as three free months of DirecTV or Comcast Digital Cable with On Demand plus High-Speed Internet.

The previous offer, presented to Tehran last June, included such incentives as the sharing of nuclear technology, help in constructing light-water nuclear power plants, and support for Iran's membership in the World Trade Organization, not to mention direct talks with the United States. But U.S. and European diplomats later concluded they could do much more than that. "Why not have direct talks *and* throw in the DirecTV?" said one U.S. official. "Our message to Iran? Somebody up there loves you." And yet Iran's ambassador to the United Nations, Javad Zarif, remained skeptical: "Three free months and then what? We get charged the full rate without anyone notifying us? Who will come to install the dish? Can he be trusted to show up on time? And what is this NFL Sunday Ticket I keep hearing about?"

Tehran is equally suspicious of Comcast On Demand. "You mean to say I can watch any show at any time but only after it first airs? When is that?" asked a quizzical Ali Larijani, Iran's chief nuclear negotiator. "And besides, which is really better? Satellite or cable? These are choices only an infidel can conjure." But choice, argue Western diplomats, is what makes this new incentives package all the more attractive. "HBO alone has so many channels to choose from," said European Union foreign policy chief Javier Solana. "If you do not like 'Entourage,' there is 'Rome,' or 'Deadwood,' or 'Real Sex Part 47.'"

Or perhaps "The Sopranos"? Mere mention of the mob series draws a look of disgust from Iran's foreign minister, Manouchehr Mottaki. "Two years ago, you could have probably convinced us to suspend all nuclear activity by delivering the latest season ahead of schedule," said Mottaki in a phone interview. "But we in the Islamic Republic know this next season is shorter than the last, which, by the way, was an abomination—Gay Vito is burning in hell!"

In addition to the free months of DirecTV or Comcast On Demand, the new incentives include free concert performances by Taylor Hicks and Ashlee Simpson, a fleet of Pontiac Azteks, and season tickets to any WNBA

*See* INCENTIVES, *A5, Col.1*

## Bush Declares War On Heat

*By* DANA PRIEST
*Washington Post Staff Writer*

With record high temperatures across much of the country, President Bush yesterday declared a new "War on Heat," and promised that "those responsible will be brought to justice, including the nefarious Mr. Heatmiser." Vowed the president: "I will not falter. I will not sweat."

In his nationally televised address, Mr. Bush made it clear that "either you are with us or with the forces of heat." have not yet committed any troops. But the administration's main ally, Mr. Snowmiser, has promised "to fight tirelessly until things cool down." Just how cool he has refused to say.

Shortly after the president's announcement, a video purportedly from Mr. Heatmiser was aired on the Weather Channel. "Does [President Bush] know who he is dealing with?" asked Heatmiser. "I'm Mr. Green Christmas! I'm Mr. Sun! I'm Mr. Hailstorm! I'm Mr. 101!"

the weekly Standard
AUGUST 14, 2006

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